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Retz

CHOICE

Of the beſt poetical pieces of the moſt eminent

ENGLISH POETS.

Published

By Joſeph Retzer.

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BIBLIOTEKA
REGLA
MONACHENSIS.

Ode

On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God !

Pope.

Let others hail the riſing ſun,
I bow to that whoſe courſe is run,
Which ſets in endleſs night;
Whoſe rays benignant bleſs'd this isle,
Made peaceful Nature round us ſmile
With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty paſt provokes my praiſe
No future proſpects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow;
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,
My ſorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's woe.

See — as you pafs the crowded ftreet,
Defpondence clouds each face you meet,
All their loft friend deplore:
You read in every penfive eye,
You hear in every broken figh,
That Pelham is no more.

If thus each Briton be alarm'd
Whom but his diftant influence warm'd
What grief their breafts muft rend,
Who in his private virtues blefs'd,
By Nature's deareft tyes poffefs'd
The Husband, Father, Friend!

what! mute ye bards? — no mournful verfe,
No chaplets to adorm his hearfe,
To grown the good and juft?
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,
You feek no penfions from the tomb,
No laurels from the duft.

When pow'r departed with his breath,
The fons of Flatt'ry fled from death:
Such infects fwarm at noon.
Not for herfelf my Mufe is griev'd,

She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd,
One miniſterial boon.

Hath ſome peculiar ſtrange offence
Againſt us arm'd Omnipotence,
To check the nation's pride?
Behold th' appointed punishment!
At length the vengeful bolt is ſent,
It fell — when Pelham dy'd!

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,
When vice triumphant rear's her head,
Vengeance can sleep no more:
The evil angel ſtalk's at large,
The good ſubmits, reſigns his charge,
And quits th' unhallow'd shore

The ſame ſad morn *) to church and ſtate,
(So for our ſins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double ſtroke was giv'n;

*) *The 6 th of March 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the works of a late Lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.*

Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. J — n's *) fell Genius iſſu'd forth,
And Pelham fled to heav'n!

By angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs
Our parents paſs'd their peaceful hours,
Nor guilt nor pain they knew;
But on the day which usher'd in
The hellborn train of mortal ſin,
The heav'nly guards withdrew.

Look down, much honour'd shade, below,
Still let thy pity aid our woe;
Stretch out thy healing hand;
Reſume thoſe feelings, which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth;
And ſav'd a ſinking land.

Search with thy more than mortal eye,
The breaſts of all thy friends: deſcry
What there has got poſſeſſion.
See if thy unſuſpecting heart,
In ſome for truth miſtook not art
For principle, profeſſion.

*) St. John Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.

From theſe, the peſts of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent king:
Unmask their treachʼry to his ſight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And crush them ere they ſting.

If ſuch his truſt and honours share,
Again exert thy guardian care,
Each venom'd heart diſcloſe;
On Him, on Him, our all depends,
Oh ſave him from his treachʼ rous friends,
He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe 'er shall at the helm preſide,
Still let thy prudence be his guide,
To ſtem the troubled wave;
But chiefly whiſper in his ear,
„ That *George* is open, juſt, ſincere,
„ And dares to ſcorn a knave. "

No ſelfish views t'opreſs mankind,
No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
To purchaſe fame with blood;
Thy boſom glow'd with purer heat;

Convinc'd that to be truly great,
Is — only to be good.

To hear no lawleſs paſſion's call,
To ſerve thy king, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wisdom with gen'rous love took part,
Together work thy head and heart,
The Miniſter and Man.

Unite, ye kindred ſons of worth;
Strangle bold faction in its birth;
Be Britain's weal your view!
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair deſign,
And Pelham live in you.

Garrick

To Lady *Jane Wharton* on her ſtudying the Globe.

While o'er the globe, fair Nymph, your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling Circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.

With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one,
How did thoſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal ſpring array'd,
And laughing Joy amidſt its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but chearleſs is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your abſent light:
And oh! when yet ere many years are paſt,
Thoſe beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
When ſome young hero with reſiſtleſs art,
Shall draw thoſe eyes and warm that virgin heart:
How shall your creatures then their loſs deplore,
And want thoſe ſuns that riſe for them no more?
The bliſs you give will be confin'd to One,
And for his ſake your world muſt be undone.

Rowe.

The Flowers of the foreſt.

An old ſcotch ſong on the battle of Floddon. 1)

I have heard of a lilting 2) at our ewes milking,
Laſſes a lilting, before the break of day;

1) Or *Flouden*, fought ſept 9. 1513, between the english and ſcotch. James IV. was killed in this battle. *Hume's hiſtory. III.* 465. 2) ſinging in

But now there's a moaning, on ilka 3) green loaning,4)
That our braw 5) forrelters are a'wede away. 6)
At boughts 7) in the morniog, nae blyth lads are
ſcorning 8);
The laſſes are lonely, dowie, and wae 9);

a briſk lively manner. 3) every. 4) a little common, hear country - villages, where cows are milked. *Loan* is a fold, probably called *loaning* in the ſong, to anſwer to moaning; bnt *loaning* in moſt parts ſignifies a lane — lang leaning long lane. *Loan* or *lone* is uſed for lane in Strafford ſhire. *S. Monthly Review. Febr.* 1775. *p.* 192.

5) brave, finely apparelled, 6) all out way.

A weeder out of his proud adverſaries.
Shakeſpeare. Rich. III.

7) Little folds, where the ewes are incloſed at milking time. 8) jeering the laſſes about their ſweethearts. To *ſcorn* is often now uſed in this ſenſe in the north of England. 9) *dowie*, melan-

Nae daffin 10), nae gabbin 11), but ſighing and ſab-
bing 12);
Ilka ane 13) lifts her leglen 14), and hies her away.

At l'en at the gloming 15) nae ſwankies 16) are
roaming
Mong ſtacks, with the laſſes, at bogle to play 17);
But ilka ane ſits dreary 18), lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the foreſt, that are a' wede away.

choly. *wae*, ſorrowful. 10) waggery. 11) prating pertly. 12) ſobbing. 13) every one, 14) a milking-pail with one lug or handle. The haſty, ſilent and diſconſolate departure of the milkmaids is natural and affecting. 15) at ever in the twilight or evening gloom. 16) Young countrymen. This is an old english word, derived from the ſaxon *ſwang*, a country ſwain. 17) *Bogle*, hobgoblin, ſpectre. *Bogle, bo about the ſtacks* is the diverſion of young folks in a ſtack-yard. *Bogle* was originally no more than mother's frightening their childern with tho the ball. *Bo, ball, bo!* — which the little ones not beeing able to pronounce properly called: *bogle bo*; and now, that the original meaning of the word is forgotten, *bogle* ſignifieis a ſpectre or malevolent ſpirit. *Monthly Review. Febr.* 1775. 192. 18) ſad.

At haerſt 19), at the ſhearing 20), nae youngſters are jeering,

The banſters 21) are runkled 22), lyart 23) and grey.

At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching 24),

Since owr braw forreſters are a' wede away.

O dool 25) for the order, ſent our lads to the border 26):

The english for anes 27) by guile got the day.

The flowers of the foreſt, that ay 28) ſhone the foremoſt,

The prime of our land lies cauld 29) in the clay.

19) harweſt. 20) reaping. 21) Binders up of the ſheaves of corn. 22) wrinkled. 23) hoary. The binders were now all old men. 24) flattering. 25) grief. 26) between Scotland and England, where the battle was fought. 27) once. 28) ever, allvays. 29) cold. There was handly a gentcel family in Scotland, but what loſt one or more of their neareſt relations in this battle.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at our ewes milking;
The women and bairns 30) are dowie and wae.
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw forresters are a' wede away. 31)

---

30. Childern. 31) The tune to this song is a pretty, melancholy one. S. *An exact and circumstantial history of the battle of Floddon in verse, written about the time of Queen Elizabeth, published from an original M.S. with notes by Rob. Lambe, Vicar of Norham upon Tweed. Berwick upon Tweed.* 8. 1774. *p.* 129.

The Wawking of the faulds.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and allways gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like, to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And nothing gi'es me ſic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſoftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a the reſt, that she ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſoftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe
At wawking of the fauld.

Allan Ramſay.

A Father's Advice to his Son.

Deep in a grove by cypreſs shaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom shone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted muſe's moan;

A ſwain tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.

„ My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
My prattling innocent, attend,
Nor fear rebuke, nor ſour diſpleaſure;
A father's lovelieſt name is friend.

Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealth of heaven's beſtowing,
Which kings have ſeldom pow'r to give,

Since from an ancient race deſcended
You boaſt an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright to be good.

In love for every fellow-creature
Superior riſe above the crowd;
What moſt ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the croud.

Be thine the generous heart, that borrows
For others joys a friendly glow,
And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows
Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.

This is the temper moſt endearing;
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners ſpreads,
An heav'nlier pow'r good nature bearing
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

Taſte not from fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow;
Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.

The princely pine on hill exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky;
By winds long brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale.

Wish not for beauty's darling features,
Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

By noon-tide's that its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass'd complain'd;
At eve its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd,

Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from wisdom's path aſtray;
What Genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
To happineſs who found the way?

In yonder mead behold the vapor,
Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
Far off it ſeems a friendly taper,
To guide the traveller on his way;

But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing,
Tread, where the treacherous meteors glow;
He'd find, too late his raſhneſs rueing,
That fatal quickſands lurk below.

In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,
Do you from pageant crowds retiring,
To peace in virtue's cot repair!

There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure
Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
And bleſs'd and bleſſing You will live.

If heaven with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty doth with you,

In fondneſs fatherly excelling
Th' example You have felt purſue."

He paus'd — for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart;
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thougths language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle ſpreading
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round;
And dank dews from her treſſes shedding
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground.

When back to city follies flying
'Midſt cuſtom's slaves he liv'd reſign'd;
His face array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For ſeriously around ſurveying
Each character in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying:
That play'd upon this human ſtage.

Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning,
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife;

And felt each ſecret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul;
For, what all-bounteous heaven created,
He thought heaven only ſhould controul.

Cooper.

The female Phaeton.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair, from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd,
And ſorely vext, to play the ſaint,
Whilſt wit and beauty reign'd,

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
With Abigails forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt ſhe make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What hath ſhe bétter, pray, than I?
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Deareſt mamma, for once let me
Unchain'd, my fortune try
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the reaſon why.

I'll ſoon with Jenny's pride quite ſcore,
Make all her lovers fall?
They'll grieve, I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondneſs prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And ſet the world on fire.

Prior.

To Stella.

Who collected and transcribed his Poems.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
But all admire Inigo Iones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.

Thou, Stella, wer't no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their trash at firſt:)
But his purſuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chuſes for a friend.

A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topies like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of Shoes:
Should but his muſe deſcending drop.
A slicc of bread and mutton-chop:
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout; *)
Or patch his broken ſtoking ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind:
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid:
Or should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found,
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.

*) *A cant word for ſtrong beer.*

These are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curl's *) collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can drepreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verſe,
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do bur inſinuate what is true.

Now should my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What ſtoics call without our pow'r,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Meevius, when he drain'd his skull,
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,

*) *See an account of Curl, Swift's Works Vol. IV.*

His ſimilies in order ſet,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The levely nymph had loſt her noſe.

Sour virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lyes.

Stella when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.

Your ſpirits kindle to a flame
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpight
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends;

Which manners decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire,
The heat, that makes the ſumit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phæbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own that pain is largely paid.
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the Sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquors ſours:
Thus Ajax when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy

But blinded by reſentment ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
Form ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For ſho ld this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peevishneſs and ſpleen ſucced.
Say Stella when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand
And to your failling ſet your hand
Or, if the lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

Swift.

On a lame Beggar. *)

"I am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To ſtand or move!" If he ſpeak *truth*, he *lies*.

*) *London. Chronicle*, 1777.

The Gift. To Iris.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make,
Expreſſive of my duty

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy
My rivals give — and let 'em:
If gems, or gold impart a joy
I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give — but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd offerings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion:

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere than civil;
I'll give thee — Ah, too charming maid!
I'll give thee — to the devil.

Goldsmith.

The Farewell. *)

Ah Delia ſee the fatal hour,
Farewell my ſoul's delight!
But how shall wretched Damon live,
Thus banished from thy ſight?
To my fond heart no rival joy
Supplies the loſs of thee:
But who can tell if thou, my dear,
Wilt e'er remember me?

Yet while my reſtleſs wand'ring thoughts
Purſue their laſt repoſe,
Unwearied may they trace the path
Where — e'r my Delia goes.
For ever Damon shall be there,
Attendant on thy way,
But who can tell, &c.

Alone thro' unfrequented wilds,
With penſive ſteps I rove;
I ask the rocks, I ask the ſtreams,
Where dwells my abſent love?

*) *Translated from the Italian of Metaſtaſio.*

The ſilent eve, the roſy morn,
My conſtant ſearch ſurvey:
But who, &c.

Oft I'll review the ſmiling ſcene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree,
Where gayly paſſ'd the happy hours,
Theſe hours I paſſ'd with thee.
What painful, fond memorials riſe
From ev'ry place I ſee!
But who, &c.

How many rival vot'ries ſoon
This ſoft addreſs ſhall move,
Surround thee in thy new abode,
And tempt thy ſoul to love.
Ah! who can tell, while ſighing crouds
Their tender homage pay,
Ah, who can tell, if thou, my dear,
Wilt then remember me!

Think, Delia, with how deep a wound,
The ſweetly-painful dart,
Which thy remembrance leaves behind,
Has pierc'd a hopeleſs heart.

Think on his fatal, ſad adieu,
That ſevers me from thee:
Think — A who knows, if thou, my love,
Wilt ever think on me!

El. Carter. *)

*) *Poems on ſeveral occaſions the third Edition.*
London 1776.

Jealouſy.

What ſtate of life can be ſo bleſt
As love, that warms a lover's breaſt?
Two ſouls in one, the ſame deſire,
To grant the bliſs and to require!
But if in heav'n a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſy!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant jealouſy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love:

In abſence or unkind diſdain
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain:
But ah! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſy!
O Jealouſy
Thou tyrant &c. &c.

False in thy glaſs all objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too far;
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire, that burns and gives no light;
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealouſy &c. &c.

Dryden.

The Empty Purſe.

I.

Where now are all my ſmiling Guineas gone!
Dear Guardian, fill this ſolitary Purſe.
Since the laſt shilling left me all alone,
Each old acquaintance shuns me with a curſe.

II.

Let each rich Fopling fly where Pleaſures call;
And liſt' with Joy to fair *Aurelia's* talk,
In vernal ev'nings lead her up the mall,
Or preſs her wanton in the Bird-cage-walk:

III.

For me, no more to *Haddock's* I'll repair;
No more with tansport will I court the ſtage,
Where ſtout *Grimaldi* treads the paſſive air,
And *Roſcius* charms the critics of the age.

IV.

I'll ſeek retirement in ſome garret vile,
Where ſpider's tap'ſtry lines the mouldring wall,
Where hungry Bard was never ſeen to ſmile,
Save when he heard his Patron's friendly call.

V.

There circumvented with that fiend deſpair,
Shall I become impetuous Paſſion's ſlave.
There frantic, ſtamping shall I tear my hair,
And then I'll rave: Good Gods! how I will rave!

VI.

Wilt thou, my Guardian, this ſad ſtate deplore,
In melting mood compaſſionate my pain!
Wilt thou put Money in my Purſe once more,
And bring my truant ſenſes back again!

Woty.

Epiſtle
To her Grace Henrietta
Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

Excuſe me, Madam, if, amidſt your tears,
A Muſe intrudes, a muſe, who feels your cares;
Numbers, like muſic, can ev'n grief controul,
And lull to peace the tumults of the ſoul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Conſider for your loſs ten thouſand grieve.
Th' affliction burdens not your heart alone:
When Marlbro' dy'd, a nation gave a groan.

Could I recite the dang'rous toils he choſe,
To bleſs his country with a fix'd repoſe,
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raiſe his country to the pitch of fame,
His councils, ſieges, his victorious fights,
To ſave his country's laws and native rights,
No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart muſt own)
Has ſtronger fondneſs to his darling ſhown.
Britannia's ſighs a double loſs deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more!

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland ſighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his waſteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands

She saw her frontier tow'rs in ruin lie,
Ev'n liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlbro' came, defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound,
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.
O Germany, remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at ev'ry vein!
Think on the rescue of th'imperial throne,
Then think on Marlbro's death without a grown!
Apollo kindly whispers me: "Be wise,
„ How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
„ The force of verse another theme might raise,
„ But here the merit must transcend the praise.
„ Hast thou, presumptuous bard, that godlike flame
„ Which with the sun shall last, and Marlbro's fame?
„ Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
„ Resign the task, and silently admire."
Yet, shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual history his deeds rehearse
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Aeneas there.
Is this the comfort which the muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.

A prudent friend, who ſeeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the ſpring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barb'rous to the ſighing maid
To mention broken vows, and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchants ſoul apeaſe,
With talk of ſands, and rocks and ſtormy ſeas?
Ev'n while I ſtrive on Marlbro's fame to riſe,
I call up ſorrow in a daughter's eyes.
Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
Laurels that (ſpite of time) shall never fade;
Immortal honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction's dumb, and envy put to shame;
Say, who can ſoar beyond his eagle flight?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmoſt height?
What could he more, had heav'n prolong'd his date?
All human pow'r is limited by fate.
Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your ſorrow, and again offend.
Yet ſure your goodneſs muſt forgive a crime,
Which will be ſpread thro' ev'ry age and clime;
Though in your life ten thouſand ſummers roll,
And tho' you compaſs earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Caeſar's name.
But vain are all the counſels of the muſe,
A ſoul like yours, could not a tear refuſe

Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still ſighs muſt riſe, and gen'rous ſorrow flow;
For when from earth ſuch matchleſs worth removes,
A great mind ſuffers. Virtue virtue loves.

Gay.

The Bard.
A Pindaric Ode.
I. 1.

"Ruin ſeize thee, ruthleſs King! *)
„ Confuſion on thy banners wait,
„ Tho' fann'd by conqueſt's crimſon wing
„ They mock the air with idle ſtate.
„ Helm, nor Hauberks **) twiſted mail
„ Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
„ To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
„ From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the ſounds, that o'er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,

*) Edward the firſt, when he completed the conqueſt of Wales, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hand to be put to death. **) A texture of ſteel ringlets forming a coat of mail.

As down the ſteep of Snowdon's *) ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array,
Stout Glo'ſter **) ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conways foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Maſter's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
„ Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
„ Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
„ O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
„ Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
„ Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day
„ To high-born Hoel's harp Lewellyn's lay.

*) A name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welch themſelves call *Craigian-eryri*. It included all the Highlands, of Caernarvonshire and Merionetshire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. **) Glo'ſter — Mortimer;

I. 3.

„ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
„ That hush'd the ſtormy main:
„ Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
„ Mountains, ye mourn invain
„ Modred, whoſe magic ſong
„ Made huge Philemon bow his cloud-top'd head.
„ On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
„ Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
„ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
„ The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
„ Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
„ Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
„ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
„ Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries —
„ No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
„ On yonder cliffs, a griſly band,
„ I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
„ Avengers of their native land.
„ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
„ And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line."

both *Lords-Marchers*, who probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

II. 1.

„ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
„ The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
„ Give ample room, and verge enough
„ The characters of hell to trace.
„ Mark the year, and mark the night,
„ When Severn *) shall re-echo with affright
„ The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that
„ ring,
„ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
„ Shewolf **) of France, with unrelenting fangs,
„ That teareſt the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
„ From thee be born, ***) who o'er thy country
„ hangs
„ The ſcourge of heav'n. What terrors round him
wait!
„ Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
„ And ſorrow's faded form, and ſolitude behind."

II. 2.

„ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
„ Low ****) on his funeral couch he lies!

*) Edward the ſecond, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Caſtle. **) Iſabel of France, Edward the ſecond's adulterous queen. ***) Triumphs of Edward the third in France. ****) Death of that king.

„ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
„ A tear to grace his obſequies.
„ Is the ſable warrior *) fled?
„ Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
„ The ſwarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
„ born,
„ Gone to ſalute the riſing morn.
„ Fair laughs the morn, **) and ſoft the Zephyr
„ blows,
„ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
„ In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
„ Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
„ Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
„ That, hushed in grim repoſe, expects his evening-
„ prey. "

II. 3.

„ Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
„ The rich repaſt prepare,
„ Reſt of a crown, he yet may share the feaſt:
„ Cloſe by the regal chair

abondonned by his children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs. *) Edward the black prince, dead ſome time before his father. **) Magnificence of Richard the ſecond's reign.

„ Fell thirſt and famine *) ſcowl
„ A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
„ Heard ye the din of battle **) bray,
„ Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
„ Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
„ And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
„ Ye Towers of Julius, London's ***) laſting shame,
„ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
„ Revere his conſort's ****) faith, his father's *****) fame,
„ And ſpare the meek uſurper's ******) holy head.
„ Above, below, the *******) roſe of ſnow,
„ Twin'd with her blushing foe. we ſpread:
„ The briſtled boar ********) in infant gore
„ Wallows beneath the horny shade.

*) Richard the ſecond was ſtarved to death. **) Rninous civil wars of York and Lancaſter. ***) Henry the fifth, George duke of Clarence, Edward the fifth etc. believed to be murderd ſecretly in the Tower of London, the oldeſt part of which is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caeſar. ****) Margaret of Anjou, *****) Henry the fifth. ******) Henry the ſixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown. *******) The white and the red, devices of York and Lancaſter. ********) The ſilver boar was the

„ Now, brothers, bending o'er th'e accurſed loom.
„ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom

III. 1.

„ Eduard, lo! to ſudden fate
„ (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
„ Half *) of thy heart we conſecrate.
„ (The web is wove. The work is done.")
„ Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
„ Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
„ In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern skies,
„ They melt they vanish from my eyes.
„ But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's hight
„ Deſcending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
„ Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
„ Ye unborn agee, crowd uot on my ſoul!
„ No more our long-loſt Arthur **) we bewail.
„ All hail, ye genuine ***) Kings, Britannias' iſſue,
„ hail!

badge ofRichard the third; whence he was uſually known by the name of *the boar*. *) Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. **) If was a common belief of the Welch nation, that king Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain. ***) Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied,

III. 2.

„ Girt with many a Baron bold
„ Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear ;
„ And, gorgeous dames, and ſtatesman old
„ In bearded majeſty, apear.
„ In tho midſt a form divine !
„ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
„ Her lyon-port, *) her awe-commanding face,
„ Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
„ What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
„ What ſtrains of vocal transport round her play!
„ Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin, hear; **)
„ They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
„ Bright rapture calls, and ſoaring, as she ſings,
„ Waves in the eye of heav'n her many colour'd
„ wings.“

III. 3.

„ The verſe adorn again
„ Fierce war, and faithful love,
„ And truth ſevere, by fairy fiction dreſſ'd.

that the Welch should regain their ſovereignty over this island, which ſeemed to be accomplished in the houſe of Tudor. *) Queen Elizabeth. **) Chief of the Bards flourish'd in the VIth Century.

„ In buskin *) measures move
„ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
„ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
„ A voice **) as of the Cherub-choir,
„ Gales from blooming Eden bear:
„ And distant ***) warblings lessen on my ear,
„ That lost in long futurity expire.
„ Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
„ cloud
„ Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
„ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
„ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
„ Enough for me; with joy I see
„ The different doom our fates assign.
„ Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
„ To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

Gray.

*) Shakespear. **) Milton. ***) The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

Song.

I.

When fair *Serena* firſt I knew,
By friendſhip's happy union charm'd;
Inceſſant joys around her flew,
And gentle ſmiles my boſom warm'd.

II.

But when with fond officious care,
I preſs'd to breathe my amorous pain,
Her lips ſpoke nought but cold deſpair,
Her eyes ſhot ice through every vein.

III.

Thus in *Italia's* lovely vales
The ſun his genial vigour yields,
Reviving heat each ſenſe regales,
And plenty crowns the ſmiling fields.

IV.

When nearer we approach his ray,
High on the Alps' ſtupendous brow,
Surpriz'd we ſee pale ſun-beams play
On everlaſting hills of ſnow,

By * * *

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt,
Calm nature's image on its watry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before ;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs ;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, — Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my ſon! the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey :
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe ;
When near the wad a ſtately palace roſe :
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home :

Yet

Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe
Prov'd the vain flourish of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: The liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in sleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Upriſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe to woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The youngſter gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring priże.
A one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Glift'ning and basking in the ſummer ray.
Diſorder'd ſtops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,
The shining ſpoil his wily partner show'd.

He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling hearr,
And much he wish'd, but durſt not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory shrouds
The changing skies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.'
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for shelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and gripping, caus'd a defert there.

As near the Miſer's heavy door they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble llght'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threshold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recals;

Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pond'ring hermit view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A fresher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:

Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh,
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for peaiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: The lan'dlord's little pride,

O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd and dyed.
Horror of horrors! what his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant show'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path: the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in.
Plunching he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage enflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch — But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe tur'nd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;

And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ætherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of muſic ravish'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the sky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel — Thy fellow ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcrupleſs be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims the world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts yis attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
Than thoſe, which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bliſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Song had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;

(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the punishment was juſt.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack.
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heav'n inſtructs they mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'riug as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

Parnell

The Toper.

A Song.

Let's tope and be merry,
Be jolly and cheery;
Since here is good wine, good wine,
Let's laugh at the fools,
Who live by dull rules,
And at us good-fellows repine,

Here, here are delights,
To amuſe the dulle nights,
And equal a man with a god;
To enliven the clay,
Drive all care away,
Without it a man's but a clod,

Then let us be willing
To ſpend t'other shilling,
For money we know is but dirt;
It ſuits no deſign,
Like paying for wine,
T'other bottle will do us no hurt.

Sedley.

Solitude.

I.

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the defart's trackleſs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted ſide,
Or by the Nile's coy ſource abide,
Or ſtarting from your half-year's ſleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey;
You, recluſe, again I woo,
And again your ſteps purſue.

II.

Plum'd Conceit himſelf ſurveying,
Folly with her ſhadow playing,
Purſe-proud, elbowing Inſolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noiſe that through a trumpet ſpeaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intruſion with a fopling's face,
(Ignorant of time and place)
Sparks of fire Diſſention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,

Reſtraint's ſtiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd Cenſure's artful ſneer,
Ambition's buskins ſteep'd in blood,
Fly thy preſence, Solitude.

III.

Sage reflection bent with years,
Conſcious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing, eye,
Halcyon peace on moſs reclin'd,
Retroſpect that ſcans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Reſvery,
Blnshing artleſs Modeſty,
Health that ſnuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with boſom bare,
Inſpiration, Nature's child,
Seek the ſolitary wild.

IV.

You with the tragic Muſe *) retir'd
The wiſe Euripides inſpir'd,
You taught the ſadly-pleaſing air
That Athens **) ſav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd ***) the ſprings of woe;

*) In the island of Salamis. **) See Plutarch in his life of Lyſander. ***) Simonides.

You penn'd what exil'd Naſo thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluſe you ſtray'd
When Death ſnatch'd his long-lov'd *) maid;
You taught the rocks her loſs to mourn,
You ſtrew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley **) you were ſeen,
With blood-shed eyes, and ſombre mien,
Hymen his yellow veſtment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypreſs wore.
But chief your own the ſolemn lay,
That wept Narciſſa young and gay,
Darkneſs clap'd her ſable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful ſtring.
Anguish left the pathleſs wild,
Grim-fac'd Melancholy ſmil'd,
Drowſy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The ſtarry hoſt put back the dawn.
Aſide their harps ev'n Seraphs flung
To hear thy ſweet complaint, O Young.

V.

When all Nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,

*) Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.

**) Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttleton.

Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men.
But when Phoſphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled courſers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntſman meet,
Where as you penſive pace along,
You catch the diſtant shepherd's ſong,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the riſing primroſe view.
Devotion lends her heav'n-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you ſings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never ſunburnt woodman came,
Nor ſportſman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowſy waterfalls behind,
You ſink to reſt.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplar's hight,
Wake you with her ſolemn ſtrain,
And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

VI.

With you roſes brighter bloom,
Sweeter every ſweet perfume,

Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

VII.

Let thoſe toil for gold who pleaſe,
Or for fame renounce their eaſe,
What is fame? an empty bubble,
Gold? a tranſient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed!
What was Sidney's Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Baſe, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, ſequeſter'd fair,
To your Sibyl groot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it ſtands
Scoop'd by nature's ſalvage hands,
Boſom'd in the gloomy shade
Of Cyprus not with age decay'd.
Where the owl ſtill-hooting ſits,
Where the bat inceſſant flits.
There in loftier ſtrains I'll ſing
Whence the changing ſeaſons ſpring,
Fell how ſtorms deform the skies,
Whence the waves ſubſide and riſe,
Trace the comets blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a ſcale;
Bend, great God! before thy shrine,
he bournleſs macrocoſm's thine,

VIII.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
It beckons me! — vain fears adieu,
Myſterious ghoſt, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's firſt friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breaſt it bares! what! ſtain'd with blood?
Quick let me ſtanch the vital flood!
O ſpirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortleſs alone?
O Solitude, on me beſtow
The heart-felt harmony of woe!
Such, ſuch, as on th' Auſonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moſchus trill'd of yore;
No time should cancel thy deſert,
More, more, than Bion *) was, thou wert.

IX.

O goddeſs of the tearful eye,
The never-ceaſing ſtream ſupply.
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the houſe of woe,
O'er friendship's herſe low-drooping mourn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the ſolemn knell.

*) Alluding to the death of a friend.

'The gloom diſpells, the charnel ſmiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted iles,
Blow ſilky ſoft, thou weſtern gale,
O goddeſs of the deſart, hail!

She burſts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Inſulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her treſſes wanton with the winds,
A lion's ſpoils without a zone
Around her limbs are careleſs thrown;
Her right-hand wields a knotted maze,
Her eyes roll wild, a ſtride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herſelf beholds.
O Goddeſs of the deſart, hail!
And ſofter blow, thou weſtern gale!

Since in each ſcheme of life I've fail'd,
And diſappointment ſeems intail'd;
Since all on earth I valued moſt,
My guide, my ſtay, my friend is loſt;
You, only you, can make me bleſſ'd,
And hush the tempeſt in my breaſt.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit trodden ſeat,
Where I may live at laſt my own,
Where I at laſt may die unknown.

I ſpoke,

I ſpoke, ſhe twin'd her magic ray,
And thus ſhe ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Youth, you're miſtaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind;
Wan grief will haunt you whereſoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the ſtreamlet flow,
There pale Inaction pines his life away,
And, ſatiate, curſes the return of day:
There naked Frency laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There Superſtition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of daemons in the Zephyr hears.
But if a hermit you're reſolv'd to dwell,
And bid to ſocial life a laſt farewell;
'T is impious —
God never made an independent man,
'T would jar the concord of his general plan:
See every part of that ſtupendous whole,
„ Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul; “
To one great end, the general good, conſpire,
From matter, brute, to man, to ſeraph, fire;
Should man through nature ſolitary roam,
His will his ſovereign, everywhere his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw?
What ſwiftneſs wing him from the panter's paw?

Or should Fate lead him to ſome ſafer ſhore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar;
Where liberal nature all her charms beſtows,
Suns ſhine, birds ſing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
Fool, doſt thou think he'd revel on the ſtore,
Abſolve the care of heaven, nor ask for more?
Tho' waters flow'd, flowr's bloom'd, and Phoebus shone,
He'd ſigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the maker of the human breaſt
A ſenſe of Kindred, country, man, impreſſ'd;
And ſocial life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.
Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deſerve enquiry's ſerious care,
The God (whate'er Miſanthropy may ſay)
Shines, beams in man with moſt unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole,
Hang o'er the ſun. and with the planets roll?
What boots through ſpace's furtheſt bourns to roam,
If thou, O man, a ſtranger art at home?
Then know thy ſelf, the human mind ſurvey,
The uſe, the pleaſure will the toil repay,
Hence Inſpiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown, and, Shakeſpear, hence thy bays.

Hence he, the pride of Athens, and the shame,
The beſt and wiſeſt of mankind became.
Nor ſtudy only, practiſe what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine:
Thoſe who in ſtudy, should in practice shine.
Say, does the learned lord of Hagley's shade,
Charm man ſo much by moſſy fountains laid,
As when, arouz'd he ſtems corruption's courſe.
And shakes the ſenate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gaſp'd beneath a Cæſar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shadés retreat;
But where she breathes, the leaſt may uſeful be,
And freedom, Britain, ſtill belongs to thee.
Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown;
Is the reward of worth a ſong, or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunſwick reigns.
On each condition diſappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed.
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
But know, Adverſity's the child of God;
Whom heaven approves of moſt, moſt feel her rod.
When ſmooth old Ocean and each ſtorm's asleep,
Then Ignorance may plough the watery deep;

But when the daemons of the tempeſt rave,
Skill muſt conduct the veſſel through the wave.
Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who would not wish Anytus for a foe?
Intrepid virtue triumphs over Fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in thy mind.
The height of virtue is to ſerve mankind.
But when old age has ſilver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may'ſt thou ſeek the ſtillneſs of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempeſt beat,
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and ſmooth thy grave.

Grainger.

On a *Message-Card* in Verſe, ſent by a *Lady*.

Hermes, the gameſter of the ſky,
To share for once mankind's delights,
Slip'd down to earth, exceeding ſly,
And bade his coachman drive to White's,
In form a beau; ſo light he trips,
You'd ſwear his wings were at his heels;

From glaſs to glaſs alert he ſkips,
And bows and prattleſs while he deals.
In ſhort, ſo well his part he play'd,
The waiters took him for a peer;
And ev'n ſome great ones whiſp'ring ſaid
He was no vulgar foreigner.
What e'er he was, he ſwept the board,
Won every bett and every game;
Stript even the Rooks, who ſtampd and roar'd,
And wonder'd how the devil it came!
He wonder'd too, and thought it hard;
But found at laſt this great command
Was owing to one fav'rite card,
Which ſtill brought luck into his hand.
The four of ſpades; whene'er he ſaw
Its ſable ſpots, he laugh'd at rules,
Took odds beyond the gaming law,
And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.
But now, for now 'twas time to go
What gratitude ſhall he expreſs?
And what peculiar boon beſtow
Upon the cauſe of his ſucceſs?
Suppoſe, for ſomething muſt be done,
On Juno's ſelf he could prevail
To pick the pips out, one by one,
And ſtick them in her peacock's tail.

Should Pallas have it, was a doubt,
To twiſt her ſilk, or range her pins;
Or ſhould the Muſes cut it out,
For bridges to their violins.
To Venus ſhould the prize be given,
Superior beauty's juſt reward,
And 'gainſt the next great rout in heaven
Be ſent her for a meſſage card.
Or hold - by Jove, a lucky hit!
Your goddeſſes are arrant farces;
Go, carry it to Mrs. —
And bid her fill it full of verſes.

Whitehead,

On the Spring.

Lo! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair Venus's train, appears,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beſide ſome water's rushy brink
With me the Muſe shall ſit, and think,
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!
Still is the toiling' hand of Care:
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun.
To Contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,

In fortune's varying colours dreſs'd:
Brush'd by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Me thinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy Joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings the youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone - - - -
We frolick, while 't is May.

Gray.

A Lover's Anger.

As Chloe came into the room th' other day,
I peevish began: where ſo long cou'd you ſtay?
In your life time you never reguarded your hour:
You promis'd at two, and (pray look, child!) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures, nor wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.

A tempeſt ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear —
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me! ſaid she: let a body but ſpeak:
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fall'n into my neck:
It hath hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree —
See here! for you never believe me, pray ſee,
On the leſt ſide my breaſt what a mark it hath made!
So ſaying, her boſom she careleſs diſplay'd,
That ſeat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd;
And forgot ev'ry word, I deſign'd, to have ſaid.

Prior.

Verſes written on a Blank-leaf, when he preſented his works to the Queen, 1732.

A Muſe expiring, who with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice,
Now on her death-bed, the laſt homage pays,
O Queen, to thee; accept her dying lays,
So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries
To warble one note more, and ſinging dies.
Hail mighty Queen, whoſe powerful ſmiles alone
Command obedience, and ſecure the throne.

Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled Loyalty for half an age:
Conqu'ring our hearts you end the long diſpute;
All who have eyes confeſs you abſolute;
To Tory doctrines even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own the right divine,
Thus ſung the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With *Carolina's* praiſe, and then expir'd.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

Verſes
written by a gentleman on finding an Urn.

Triffling mortal, tell me why
Thou haſt diſturb'd my urn;
Want'ſt thou to find out what am I!
Vain man, attend and learn!

To know, what letters ſpelt my name
Is uſeleſs quite to thee;
An heap of duſt is all I am,
And all, that thou ſhalt be.

Go now, that heap of duſt explore,
Meaſure its grains, or weigh;

Can'ſt thou the title, which I bore,
Diſtinguish in the clay?

What glitt'ring honours, or high truſt
Once dignified me here,
Were characters impreſt on duſt,
Which quickly diſappear.

Nor will the ſparkling atoms shew
A Clodius or a Guelph:
Vain ſearch, if here the ſource thou'dſt know
Of nobles, or thy ſelf.

The mould will yield no evidence,
By which thou may'ſt divine,
If lords or beggars iſſued thence,
And form'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth;
Condition, honours, name
All are but modes of common earth,
The ſubſtance juſt the ſame.

Bid av'rice and ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains;
Themſelves and their poſſeſſions too.
A gallon vaſe contains.

Haſte, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
To more ſubſtantial bliſs;
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.

Let virtue be thy radiant guide,
'Twill dignify thy clay,
And raiſe thy ashes glorified,
When ſuns shall fade away. *)

[*) *Gent. Mag. March.* 1743.

The Tears of Scotland; written in the year 1746.

Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground,
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more
Invite the ſtranger to the door:
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner ſees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life,
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek invain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms conld never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

Thy rural pipe, and merry lay
No more ſhall chear the happy day;
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow, flow,
And nought be heard, but ſounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

Oh baneful cauſe, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons againſt their fathers ſtood;
The parent ſhed his children's blood.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring ſteel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food and friend.
She views the shades of night deſcend,
And, ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilſt the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Reſentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breaſt shall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe shall flow:
Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

Smollet.

An Epigram.

On the Reverend Mr. Laurence *Echard's*, and Bishop Gilbert *Burnet's* Hiſtories.

Gil's hiſtory appears to me
Political anatomy,
A caſe of ſkeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His ſharp and ſtrong inciſion pen
Hiſtorically cuts up men,
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Laurence proceeds another way,
And well-dreſs'd figures doth diſplay:
His characters are all in fleſh,
Their hands are fair, their faces freſh;
And from his ſweet'ning art derive
A better ſcent than when alive.
He wax-work made to pleaſe the ſons,
Whoſe fathers were *Gil's* ſkeletons.

Green.

On Wisdom.

I ſoar aloft, leave mortal things —
To Wiſdom now I ſtrike my ſtrings,

And tune the warbling lyre;
Oh, for the influence from above,
Fountain of light, and God of love;
Do thou my breaſt inſpire.

'Tis not the Politian's art,
Who makes his injur'd country ſmart,
To fill his cheſts with gold;
Nor all his cunning craft, to gain
Pleaſures and honours, falſe and vain,
For which his peace is ſold.

No, I would ſing a nobler theme:
His wisdom is an idle dream,
That flies him when awake.
The guilty ſoul with keen remorſe,
Finds all his gains repaid with loſs,
And curſes his miſtake.

True wisdom is without diſguiſe: —
Clar as the ſun in cloudleſs ſkies,
The wiſe man's actions ſhine:
No ſcrutiny can hurt his name,
Or baſe diſcov'ry give him ſhame,
Or fraud, or mean deſign.

Where wisdom has the heart refin'd,
Non ſenſual ſtain deforms the mind,
Or damps the riſing joys;
There is no raging luſt on fire,
No torment from impure deſire,
That health, or peace deſtroys.

The wiſe man gives to each his due,
Juſt to himſelf and neighbour too;
And takes an honeſt care
To pay his Sov'reign's rightful claim;
Conſults his fortune, and his fame,
His family and heir.

No terror from the law he feels;
No threat'ning want purſues his heels,
Nor frightful dun he fears.
Secure he walks, where e'er he goes,
No want of friend, or credit knows,
No keen reproach he hears.

Wisdom's diffuſive as the light;
Fertile with bleſſing heav'nly bright
Kind ſource of peace and joy;
Relieves the wretch oppreſs'd with pain,

And chears like the refreshiug rain,
When ſcorching griefs annoy.

This bore the name in ages paſt
And will be Wisdom at the laſt,
When time itſelf shall ceaſe;
When the curſt ſenſual fool shall find
Nothing to fill his hungry mind,
And wish in vain for peace.

This from the ſource of glory came;
And gives true grandeeu endleſs fame,
Still blooming young and fair.
Not loſt by envious tainted breath;
But ſprings yet fresher after death,
In the celeſtial air.

May Wisdom every mortal guide! —
May love, to God and man, divide
The hours that ſwiftly fly! —
While ſweet reflection on the paſt
And chearful proſpects of the laſt,
Shall ev'ry grief defy.

Thompſon. *)

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*) S. Poems offer'd to the Public by William Thompſon. Altenburgh, 1781. — 8vo.

Love will find out the way.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Over the fountains,
And under the graves,
Over floods, that are deepeſt,
Which Neptune obey
Over rocks, that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the way:

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye,
Where there is no ſpace
For receipt of a flye,
Where the midge dares not venture,
Leſt herſelf faſt she lay:
If love come, he will enter,
And ſoon find out his way.

You may eſteem him
A child for his might,
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,

Set a thouſand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think, to loſe him
By having him confin'd,
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor thing! to be blind;
But if ne'er ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt, that you may:
Blind love, if ſo ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To ſtoop to your fiſt;
Or you may inveigle
The Phenix of the eaſt
The lioneſs, ye may move her,
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll ne'er ſtop a lover,
He will find out his way.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doſt fill
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Firſt heard before the shallow Cucoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; o if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief; yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

Milton. *)

*) Under Mr. Miltons Picture before his loſt Paradiſe.

Three *poets*, in three diſtant *ages* born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn.
The *firſt* in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The *next* in majeſty; in both the *laſt*.
The force of *Nature* could no further go;
To make a *third* ſhe join'd the other two.

Dryden.

Elegy on the Death of Mr. *Addiſon.*

If dumb too long, the drooping muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to *Addiſon* unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own,
What mourner ever felt poetic fires
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings,
What awe did the slow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend;
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, nex't thy lov'd *Montague.*
To ſtrew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred shrine;

Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy iſles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls, where ſpeaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reigns of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom imperial laws were given;
And ſaints who taught, and led the way to heav'n;
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind;
A winged Virtue, through th' etherial sky,
From world to world, unweary'd, does he fly?

Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How *Michael* battel'd, and the *Dragon* fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if, ſometimes, thy ſpotleſs form deſcend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When Rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When Pain diſtreſſes, or when Pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor Death can part us more.

That awful form, which, ſo ye Hea'vns decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill deplor'd by me;
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crouded courts invite;
Th' unblemish'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſoothe my care,
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;

Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong:
There, patient, show'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live and (oh! to high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of *Warwick's* noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when e'er thy bow'r appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects, fresh and fair
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bow'rs reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found;
Reluctant, now, I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I, then, (now fresh my boſom bleeds,
And *Craggs* in death to *Addiſon* ſucceeds)

The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe works divine, which on his death bed laid,
To thee O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt, farewel,
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

Tikell.

The Youth and the Philoſopher.

A Fable.

A Grecian Youth, of talents rare,
Whom *Plato's* philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſt
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.

At length quite vain, he needs would shew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To *Academus'* ſacred shade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright;
The wood-nymphs ſtartled at the ſight,
The muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt shades retire!
Howe'er, the youth with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car,
The lash reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath-ring crowds with eager eyes,
And shouts purſue him as he flies,
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' intented plain,
The ſelf ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crow'd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all but *Plato*, gaz'd with joy,
For he, deep judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:

And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhapy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me, (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such skill and judgment thrown away,
The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a rider's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.'

Whitehead.

Theodore King's of Corſica Epitaph at Weſtminſter in the S. Anna's church.

Near this place is interred
Theodore King of Corſica,
Who died in this parish. Dec. 11. 1756.
Immediately after leaving
The King's bench-priſon
By the benefit of the Act of Inſolvency
In conſequence of which
He regiſterd his Kingdem of Corſica
For the uſe of his creditors

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and Kings,
But Theodore this moral learn'd, e'er dead,
Fate pour'd its leſſon on his leaving head,
Beſtowd a Kingdom and deny'd him — bread

On the monumental Buſt of Butler, the Author of Hudibras. *)

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give,
See him when ſtarv'd to death, and turn'd to duſt,
Preſented with a monumental buſt!
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown
He ask'd for bread and he receiv'd a ſtone.

*) *S. Lond. Magaz. 1756. Febr. p. 81.*

The Power of Abſence
To a Young Gentleman.

How clear the sky! how ſoft the gale
Breathing along the dewy vale!
For lo, the wintry winds are fled,
No more the ſtream at random ſtrays,

But in his native channel plays;
And flowers enamel all the mead.

Even furious ſtorms ſubſide: but you
The plaintive meaſure ſtill renew,
Of *Helia*'s abſence ſtill complain,
Ceaſe, tuneful boy, nor feed your woe;
For Abſence may a cure beſtow
When ſighs, and tears, and vows are vain.

Nay, Heaven forbid your gentle heart
Should with the generous paſſion part;
Should ceaſe to love and to admire.
The Muſe more liberal maxims knows:
And if she promiſes repoſe,
'Tis by fulfilling your deſire.

If e'er your ſuit to love inclin'd
Her ſecretly — conſenting mind,
Abſence will wake the latent flames:
More than your ſoft perſuaſive tales,
Abſence with magic power prevails,
And all her timid wildneſs tames.

Believe the Muſe even now she glows,
Feels and commiſerates your woes;

Her coyneſs gentle love diſarms
Surpriſe her with your amorous haſte;
Go, claſp her to your eager breaſt;
Poſſeſs her virtues and her charms.

Ryan. *)

*) *Reliques of Genius by the late Rev. Mr. Ryan.*
London. 1777. — 8vo.

Stanzas on a Young Lady who ſung ſinely; but was afraid of a Cold.

Winter, thy Cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempeſts ſwell to ſea;
In vain let ſinking Pilots pray,
Beneath thy yoke let nature bend;
Let, piercing Froſt, and laſting ſnow,
Thro' woods and fields *deſtruction* ſow.

Yet we unmov'd will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer Ills create;
Theſe we can bear; but, gentle fate,
And thou bleſt Genius of our Isle,
From *Winter's Rage* defend her voice,
At which the *liſt'ning Gods* rejoyce.

May that celeſtial ſound each Day
With Extaſie tranſport our ſouls,
Whilſt all our Paſſions it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle *Cold* deſtroy,
All taſte we have of *Heav'nly Joy.*

Roſcomon.

The Lover's Will.

Let me not ſigh my laſt, e're I bequeath
Some legacies (great Love) I have to leave.
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can ſee,
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee:
My tongue to Fame, t'ambaſſadors mine ears,
And unto women, or the ſea my tears.

My conſtancy, I to the planets give,
My truth to them who at the court do live;
My ſilence t'any who abroad have been,
My money to a hungry capuchin;
My modeſty I give to ſoldiers bare,
And all my patience let the gameſters ſhare.

I give my reputation unto thoſe
Which were my friends; my induſtry to foes;

To

To ſchoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulneſs;
My ſickneſs to Phyſicians, or exceſs;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ,
And to my company I leave my wit.

To him for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls,
I give my phyſick books; my writing rolls
Of moral counſels, I to Bedlam give;
My brayen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which paſs among
All foreigners, I leave my English tongue.

Thou Love, taught'ſt me, by making me adore
That charming maid, with twenty ſervants more,
To give to thoſe who had too much before.
To thoſe that love where there no love can be,
I give and grant my incapacity.

Sedley.

A Weſtern Wonder.

Do you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a hundred and ten ſlew fife thouſand men
With the help of lightning and thunder?

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

There Hopton was slain again and again,
Or elſe my author did lye;
With a new Thankſgiving, for the dead who are living
To God, and his ſervant Chidleigh.
But now on which ſide was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are riſen from their graves
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.
And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.
For now he out-runs his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after; unleſs he take water
At Plymouth again they will find him.
What Reading hath coſt, and Stamford hath loſt,
Goes deep in the ſequeſtrations;
Theſe wounds will not heal; with your new great ſeal,
Nor Jepſon's declarations.
Now, Peters, and Caſe, in your prayer and grace
Remember the new Thankſgiving;

Iſaac and wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your living.

Denham.

A ſecond Weſtern Wonder.

You heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and
Thunder
Which made the lye ſo much the louder:
Now lift to another that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder
Oh what a damp it ſtruck through the camp!
But as for honeſt ſir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard, or eyes
But a leaſt three heads and a half.
When out came the book, which the News-monger
took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the firſt place, ſtood the conqueror's face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.
But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Briſtol they ſay you may find him,
Great William the Con, ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.
And now came the poſt, ſave all that was loſt,
But alas, we are paſt deceiving

By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tale
Might amount to a new Thankſgiving.
This made Mr. Caſe, with a pitifull face
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.
Now shut up shops, and ſpend your laſt drops,
For the laws not your cauſe, you that loath'em,
Leſt Eſſex ſhould ſtart, and play the ſecond part
Of worshipful ſir John Hotham.

Denham

To *Flavia*.

written on her Garden in the North.

What charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms, and blaſts, the choiceſt fruits do grow?
Melons, on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun, yet ripen here;
An frozen ground the ſweeteſt flow'rs ariſe,
Unſeen by any light, but *Flavia's* eyes;
Where-e'er she treads, beneath the charmer's feet,
The roſe, the jeſs'min, and the lilies meet;
Where-e'er she looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the eath;

In midſt of mountains, and unfruitful ground,
As rich an *Eden* as the firſt is found.
In this new Paradiſe the Goddeſs reigns,
In ſovereign ſtate, and mocks the lover's pains;
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from her eyes,
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies;
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and ſprings from frozen ground,
So cold the clime that can ſuch wonders bear,
The garden ſeems an emblem of the fair.

G. *Granville* Lord Lansdowne.

The Equivocation,
A Tale.

An abbot rich (whoſe taſte was good
Alike in ſcience and in food)
His biſhop had reſolv'd to treat
The biſhop came, the biſhop ate;
'Twas ſilence, till their ſtomachs fail'd:
And now at heretics they rail'd;
What hereſy (the prelate ſaid)
Is in that church where prieſts may wed?
Do not we take the church for life?
But thoſe divorce her for a wife;

Like laymen keep her in their houſes,
And own the children of their ſpouſes.
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd,
For pious uſe we're ſet aſide!
Shall we take wives? marriage at beſt
Is but carnality profeſt.
Now as the bishop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our abbot's buxom laſs
Who croſs'd the room, he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for shame, be wife.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us ſcandal;
For your vows ſake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd;
That laſs full twenty five has told,
I've yet another, who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame:
For why? his Lordship did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults, they find in others.

Gay.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design, not chance, make others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust, and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow:
And ev'ry man a *Polypheme*
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He prefers death, that proffers love

Ah, *Chloris!* that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us:
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love has me for only you!

Waller.

Bacchus

Or the Vines of Lesbos.

As Bacchus ranging at his leiſure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleaſure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thouſand airy fancies;
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His fav'rite vines in Lesbo's isle.

The God returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! ſee my jolly Fawns, he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity ſpread;
The beaſts afford a rich manure,
Fly, my boys, and bring the lure;
Up the mountains, dowh the vales;
Thro' the woods and o'er the dales;
For this, if full the cluſters grow,
Your bowls ſhall doubly overflow.

So chear'd, with more officious haſte
They bring the dung of every beaſt,
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care,
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants revive, new leaves appear,
The thickning cluſters load the year;

The ſeaſon ſwiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.
A vineyard ripe, a day ſerene,
Now calls them all to work again;
The Fawns thro' every furrow ſhoot
To load their flaskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial God.
Strow the roſes, raiſe the ſong,
See the maſter comes along!
Luſty revel join'd with laughter,
Whim and frolic follow after.
The Fawns beſide the vatts remain,
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around
They ſit to riot on the ground,
A veſſel ſtands amidſt the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they ſing,
Or riſe a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and ſhout amain,
Then ſit to laugh and ſing again,
But as an ancient author ſung,
The vine manured with every dung,
From every creature ſtrangely drew,
A tang of brutal nature too;

'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fawns.
Here one was crying out, by Jove!
Another, fight me in the grove;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees:
The Lion's temper reign'd in these.
Another grins and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free;
And twenty talks the same as he;
Chatt'ring, airy, idle kind:
These take the Monkey-turn of mind.
Here one who saw the nymphs that stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Steals off, to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked nature's plainest phrases;
And every glass he drinks enjoys
With change of nonsense, lust and noise;
Mad and careless, hot and vain,
Such as these the Goat retain.
Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks and wants another cup,
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long and ever late,

Full of meats and full of wine;
This takes his temper from the ſwine.

Here ſome who hardly ſeem to breathe,
Drink and hang the jaw beneath,
Gaping; tender, apt to weep;
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one Autumn all the crew
(If what the Poets ſing be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feaſt
Inclin'd to one or other beaſt;
And ſince 'tis ſaid for many a mile
He ſpread the vines of Lesbos' isle.

Parnell.

On Shakeſpear. 1630.

What needs my Shakeſpear, for his honour'd bones,
The labor of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
Under a ſtary-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtonishment
Haſt built thyſelf a life-long monument.
For whilſt to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with to much conceiving;
And ſo ſepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wish to die.

Milton.

W o m e n.

Women to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two, when us'd, we throw away.
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

G. Granville Lord Landsdowne.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

We muſt reſign! heav'n his great ſoul does claim
In ſtorms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our Isle;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air. — — So *Romulus* was loſt!

New *Rome* in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her King;
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him ſpread.
The poplar too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his laſt legacy to *Britain* left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind,
Our bounds' enlargement was his lateſt toil;
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our Iſle:
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke:
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us dis-engage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country show'd
The antient way of conqu'ring abroad.

Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,

That, to remoteſt shores her billow's roul'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

Waller.

Zephyr and Jonquil. A Fable.

As o'er a garden's gay parterre
Where grew the roſe an lily fair
And flow'rs of ev'ry hue;
The wantom Zephyr wing'd his way,
At every bloom he ſtopp'd to pay
The vows he ſwore were true.

For each a paſſion be profeſs'd
The laſt he ſaw he lov'd the beſt;
And as he breath'd his wiles
And hover'd round a jonquil's head;
„ Dear lovely flower „ he ſighing ſaid,
„ I live but in your ſmiles "

Begone, the curious bloom reply'd
To all my ſiſters you have ſigh'd,
Your falſehood thence I ſee;
And thence your vows I too contemn,
For, as for me you quitted them,
For others you'll quit me.

A *Farewell* to *London* in the Year 1714.

Dear, damn'd, distracting town, Farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B — and rough C — 's, adiew!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H — k and you
May knock up w — s alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowd
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned fot;
And Garth, the best good Christian — be,
Altho' he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips and fat Johnson.

Why should I ſtay? Both parties rage;
My vexen miſtreſs ſqualls;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Hallifax's urn;
And not one Muſe, of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound;
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y — r's ſold for fiftly pound,
And B — ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour ſeek?
Or follow girls ſeven hours in eight,
I need bud once a week?

Still idle, with a buſy air,
Deep whimſies to contrive
The gayeſt valetudinaire
Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others ends
Tho' fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Laborious lobſter-nights, farewell!
For ſober, ſtudious days;
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe.

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

Pope. *)

*) *Never published in his Works.*

Of Benevolence
an
Epiſtle to Eumenes.

Kind to my frailties, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear,
Not oft I ſing: the happier for the town,
So ſtun'd already they're quite ſtupid grown

With monthly, daily-charming things I own.
Happy for them, I ſeldom court the Nine;
Another art, a ſerious art is mine.
Of nauſeous verſes offer'd once a week,
You cannot ſay I did it; if you're ſick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to ſhine by flashy fits
Amongſt the daily, weekly, monthly wits.
Content if ſome few friends indulge my name,
So ſlightly am I ſtung with love of fame,
I would not ſcrawl one hundred idle lines —
Not for the praiſe of all the Magazines.
Yet once a moon, perhops, I ſteal a night;
And, if our ſire Apollo pleaſes, write.
You ſmile; but all the train the muſe that follow,
Chriſtians, and dunces, ſtill we quote Apollo.
Unhappy ſtill our poets will rehearſe
To Goths, that ſtare aſtoniſh'd at their verſe;
To the rank tribes ſubmit their virgin lays:
So groſs, ſo beſtial, is the luſt of praiſe!

I to ſound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to thoſe who moſt my ſubject feel.
Eumenes, theſe dry moral lines I truſt
With you, whom nought that's moral can diſguſt.
With you I venture, in plain home-ſpun ſenſe,
What I imagine of Benevolence.

Of all the monſters of the human kind,
What ſtrikes you moſt is the low ſelfish mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The ſteady miſer can his years employ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive;
Deſpis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honeſt warmth of heart, with ſome degree
Of pity that ſuch wretched things should be,
You ſcorn the ſordid knave — He grins at you;
And deems himſelf the wiſer of the two —
'Tis all but taſte, howe'er we ſift the caſe;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boaſt an Angel's ſhare;
Yet has what happineſs his organs bear.
Thou likewiſe mad'ſt the high ſeraphic ſoul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl.
Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtleſs for ſome uſe;
But crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taſte, or blunt, or groſs, or fine,
Makes live inſipid, beſtial, or divine.
Better he born with taſte to little rent,
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty which the Gods beſtow,
Can fortune make one favourite happy? — No.

As well might fortune in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an Oyſter ſovereign of the main,
Without fine nerves, and boſom juſtly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majeſtic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale ſtucco Rubens lines the room;
Loſt are the raptures of bold Handel's ſtrain;
Great Tully ſtorms, ſweet Virgil ſings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
Tempe's ſoft charms, the raging watry waſte,
Each greatly-wild, each ſweet romantic ſcene
Unheeded riſes, and almoſt unſeen.

Yet theſe are joys, with ſome of better clay,
To ſooth the toils of live's embarras'd way.
Theſe the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taſte the nobleſt and the beſt,
The firſt enjoyment of the generous breaſt,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious ſtate
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
Fair views of nature, ſhining works of art,
Amuſe the fancy: but thoſe touch the heart.
Chiefly for this proud epic ſong delights,
For this ſome riot on th' Arabian nights.
Each caſe is ours: and for the human mind
'Tis monſtrous not to feel for all mankind.

Were all mankind unhappy, who could taſte
Elyſium? or be ſolitarily bleſt?

Shock'd with ſurrounding shopes of human woe,
All that or ſenſe or fancy could beſtow,
You would reject with ſick and coy disdain,
And pant to ſee one chearful face again.

But if life's better proſpects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleaſing view!
This is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame fortune has ſo many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles where nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend,
With better fortune to ſurprize a friend;
To chear the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate;
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a ſolid fame:
Theſe are ſuch joys as heaven's firſt favourites ſeize;
Theſe pleaſe you now, and will for ever pleaſe.

'Too ſeldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occaſion muſt conſpire.
Yet few there are ſo impotent and low,
But can ſome ſmall good offices beſtow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add ſtill ſomething to the general ſum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can beſtow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind eſſay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;

Who, ſcornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a diſtant lover's ſilent pain
Muſt the beſt movements of his ſoul reſtrain.
But men ſagacions to explore mankind
Trace even the coyeſt paſſions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad diſtreſs demands it ſtill.
This with the generous lays diſtinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that reſentment never ought to riſe;
For even exceſs of virtue ranks with vice:

And there are villainies no bench can awe,
That ſport without th limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blaſts a helpleſs virgin's fame.

Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjuſt nor mean
To ſeize the proper time for honeſt ſpleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even inſult the baſe in humbled ſtate;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive —
'Tis ſomewhat late to be ſo primitive.

But I detain with theſe tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praiſe.
No matter: could I pleaſe the polish'd few
Who taſte the ſerious or the gay like you,
The ſqueamish mob may find my verſes bare
Of every grace — but curſe me if I care.
Beſides, I little court Parnaſſian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'T would more indulge my pride to hear it ſaid
That I with you the paths of honour tread,

Than that amongſt the proud poetic train
No modern boaſted a more claſſic vein;
Or that in numbers I let looſe my ſong,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn ſtrong.

Armſtrong. *)

*) *Miſcellanies; by John Armſtrong, M. D. in two Volumes. London* 1770 — 8vo.

Pudding.

Rotund, or oval, in whatever form
My jocund eyes thy pleaſing preſence meet,
Hail, bounteous Pudding! hot, or cold, all hail!
Whether my blue-eyed Kate, with lilly hand,
In ſimple neatneſs eminent, whoſe ſmile
Is love ineffable, into thy lap
Infuſeth ſtore of eggs and ſpicy ſweets,
Whoſe fragrance is inferior to herſelf;
Or whether Joan in woolly veſtment clad,
Dwelling in ſtraw-thatcht cott, with buſy glee
Thy compoſition kneads, and fills thy cave
With golden Pomes profuſe, or leaves thee coarſe,
Of ſuet, butter, and aught elſe devoid
Tending to flavour, ſerv'd in wooden Bowl:
Oh! welcome thou, mine appetit's beſt gueſt;
Whether the Oven's heat embrowns thy cruſt,

With ſugar froſted, crumbling at the touch;
Or whether thou in ragged clout enwrap'd
Haſt felt the boiling tempeſt of the pot.
But chiefly come, and deck mine humble cloth,
With all the rich magnificence of Plumbs
Array'd moſt gorgeously, whilſt down thy ſides
Hot melted butter rolls its golden wave
As amorous of thy charms. Here might the ſons
Of luxury deprav'd look on with eyes
That envy'd, while they gaz'd. Give me but this,
And let the bloated Alderman devour
Turtle, that boaſts diverſity of food,
And rareſt dainties, ſtill more dainty made,
By being tortur'd from their native taſte.
I ſhall not grudge their feaſt. Be Pudding mine,
And I can paſs yon celebrated ſtall,
Where the firm Salmon tempts the greedy eye
Of gaping Paſſenger, and where the Trout,
And ruddy Prawn lie ſwelling on the ſight,
„ Nor caſt one longing lingring look behind. "

Woty.

Hymn to Induſtry

Gay in the morning of the year,
While the ſouthern breezes play,

And on their downy wings convey
The vivifying *April* shower,
Kind nourisher of herb and flower; —
Gay in the morning of the year,
Blooming, of animated air,
On every hill and valley green,
Lo! active induſtry is ſeen.
Her treſſes gracefully confin'd
Ne'er frolic with the wanton wind;
In ruſſet veſture ſimply dreſs'd,
No lillies languish on her breaſt
Remote from oriental plains
Where *Pan* with piping shepherds reigns;
And amaranths for ever bloom,
Yielding the zephyr ſoft perfume;
In climes that flaky ſnows adorn,
Was *Induſtry*, meek goddeſs born.
Remote in northern regions wild,
From wisdom ſprung the ſmiling child:
Fell want her ſire; a wight ſevere,
His brow ſtill character'd with care:
Who long, in many a barren vale,
Pour'd rueful his inceſſant wail,
'Till the appointed aera roſe,
The deſtin'd period of his woes.

When shedding faſt the lenient tear
Affectionate, his offspring fair
Beheld him. From her eye a beam
To his afflicted ſpirit came,
Imparting exquiſite delight;
A portion of the powerful light
Given her by wisdom, and deſign'd
To bleſs and dignify mankind.
Mingling with tears of filial woe,
See the mild emanation flow!
As thro' the ſoft-deſcending rain
A ſunbeam gilds the moiſten'd plain
The village ſpire, the woody hill,
And dances on the trembling rill.
He felt her power: ecſtatic joy
Was kindled in his grateful eye;
And ſuddenly the flinty field
With unexpected verdure ſmil'd. —
Where'er thy jovial ſteps are ſeen,
Goddeſs of animated mien,
Gay Hope, a youth in prime of years,
Aye ſportive at thy ſide appears,
And clad in rainbow looſe array,
With budding roſes ſtrews thy way.
Contentment too, of ſparkling eye
And ruddy hue, is ever nigh;

A wood-nymph, whofe alluring ſmile
Can car's collected frown beguile;
And artleſsly, with accent ſmooth,
His wrath and menac'd terror ſoothe. —
Inventive Power! to thee we owe
The rural arts, the furrowing plough,
The vineyard, and the cultur'd field,
The happineſs our harveſts yield,
The reapers ſong, th' autumnal feaſt,
By health and temperance duly bleſt.
From thee we have the kindly roof,
When winter rages, tempeſt proof;
The chearful board, the blazing hearth,
And ancient hoſpitable mirth.
Inventive Power! to thee we owe
The ſwelling ſail the vent'rous prow,
That boldly ſtems th' impetuous tides
And o'er the billowy ocean rides.
O be thy praiſe for ever ſung!
From thee bold Independence ſprung. —
Aſpiring high thy ſpirit broke
The bondage of the feudal yoke:
Bade man his native force exert,
His high prerogatives aſſert,
And ſcorn and reprobate the lore
That juſtifies deſpotic power.

The Gothic lords beheld with pain
Thy navies bounding o'er the main;
With pain thy thriving cities saw;
And progreſs of thy equal law;
Nor dar'd thy influence appoſe,
For bright thy radiant ſtar aroſe
And Independence came confeſt,
Redoubted champion of the weſt
Inventive Power! to thee we owe
The rural arts, the vent'rous prow:
O be thy praiſe for ever ſung!
From thee bold Independence ſprung.

Ryan.

Elegy.

This charge the fair Phillida gave:
Ye virgins attend on my bier;
Let cowslips in ſpring deck my grave,
And wet them ſometimes with a tear!

This duty is due to my youth,
If nought to my friendship ye owe:
Were my days to be longer, my truth
Perhaps ye more fully might know.

But - - - tokens of kindneſs receive - - -
My sheep — hook, o Daphne's for the,
And to my lov'd Phebe I give
Each ribband belonging to me.

O Collin! my lamb and my ewe
Unto thy fond care I reſign;
Fond care ſtill I'm ſure thou wilt show,
While memory ſays they were mine!

But have I no better to give!
No better - - before I depart!
Yes, yes, deareſt shepherd, receive,
What ever was thine — my fond heart!

And if 'tis permitted the bleſt
To wander from regions above,
Each night will I guard thee in reſt,
Each day will I viſit my love! —

Theſe were the laſt words, which she ſaid.
Ere her eyes their ſweet luſtre deny'd;
Ere the roſes on her cheeks did fade;
Ere she fainted, and ſighed, and dy'd!

When she dy'd, then the flow'ret was loſt,
Whoſe blooming enamour'd each eye,

Whoſe ſweetneſs was nature's fond boaſt,
And none ever dar'd to deny.

As the village attended her bier,
And ſaw the ſod plac'd on her breaſt,
What eye then denied a tear,
What tongue but her praiſes expreſt?

If truth is of worth to mankind,
If innocence e'er doth invite,
If happieſt ſweetneſs of mind,
Or conſtancy ever delight;

If wisdom e'er pleaſing appears,
Or wit, when goodnatur'dly dreſt;
Well Phillida won all their tears,
She won all the praiſe they expres'd.

If ſhepherds ſuch ſorrows did show,
O Collin! what griefs ſhould be thine!
Her frienship, 'tis true, they did know,
But - all her beſt wiſhes were mine!

Ye woodbines, that run to decay
In yonder imbowering grove,
O! witneſs this truth in my lay,
I buried all joy with my love!

Bear witneſs, thou once charming bow'r,
On which I employ'd all my art;
In which I oft cheated an hour
With Phillida, queen of my heart:

Bear witneſs, ye herds, as ye ſtray,
And pinching neceſſity prove,
I ſigh and I weep the long day,
Since I was bereft of my love!

And witneſs, thou lamb and thou ewe,
That feed of the beſt from my hands;
To nothing attention I show,
Save to my dear Phillid's commands;

Save to the gay myrtles I dreſs,
That grow in the ſod o'er the fair,
Whoſe ſweets ſhall her virtues expreſs,
Whoſe verdure my truth ſhall declare!

But - night has o'erta'en my complaint,
They ſhepherds retire to their reſt: —
Attend, o attend, my dear ſaint,
In viſion o let me be bleſt!

Preſent thee in thy wonted charms,
Appear, as thou us'd to be, gay;
Then let me depart in thy arms,
And waft me, o waft me away!

Alley *)

(* *Univ. Mus. Jun.* 1767.

Prologue,

ſpoken at the opening of the New Houſe,

March 26. 1674.

A plain built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd,
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the chear.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit (ſince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade.
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,

With our ſmall flock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yeld in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great nighbours enviously promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
That ſacred name grives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a play-houſe while you throw down plays:
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:

Old english authors vanish, and give place
To theſe new conqu'rors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to'em in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good;
I would not prophefy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over rate,
'Tis to be fear'd — — — —
That as a fire the former houſe o'er threw,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

Dryden.

Stella at Wood-park.

A Houſe of Charles Ford, Eſq. eight miles from Dublin.

Cuicunque nocere volebat
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Written in the Year 1723

Don Carlos in a merry ſpight
Did Stella to his houſe invite:

He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief Director
That she might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head she ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right fumette.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle light she view'd the wine
To ſee, that ev'ry glaſs was fine.
At laſt grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-sky began to frown,
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubling,
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin:

From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houshold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingly:
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked:
From ev'ry meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of - - - - - - -
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by ſtarving here.

But now arrives the dismal day
She muſt return to Ormond Quay,
The coachman ſtopt; she look'd and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry brush'd againſt her hoop:
Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs:
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;

The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at lady-day,
She vows she will no longer ſtay
In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore,
The cupboard could contain but four)
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jeſt: though now I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd,
Than on a Nymph of Stella's taſte.

I muſt confeſs, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little :
Your table neat, your linen fine ;
And, though in miniature, you shine :
Yet when you figh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down,
We think you quite miſtake the caſe
The virtue lies not in the place :
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

Swift.

The Man after the preſent Taſte.

Ask you who is ſinging here,
Who ſo blith can thus appear ? —
I'm the child of joy and glee,
Inclining to *Variety*.
Ne'er have I a clouded face ;
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
Taſting ſweet *Variety*.
Like a bird that ſkims the air,
Here and there and ev'ry where,

Sip my pleaſures like a bee;
Nothing's like *Variety.*
Love's ſweet paſſion warms my breaſt;
Roving love don't break my reſt;
One is not enough for me;
I muſt have *Variety.*
Crouded ſcenes and lonely groves,
All by turns my heart approves:
Follow, follow, follow me,
All that love *Variety!*

Thompſon.

The Power of Love. *)

And ſtill muſt beauty's fairy charm
Breathe o'er my ſoul its wanton fires,
Still paſſion wake the ſoft alarm
Of trembling hopes and wild deſires?

O fly, thou dear-deluding dream!
O hence, ye ſcenes to fancy dears!
No more I'll muſe the love-lorn theme,
No more I'll shed the penſive tear.

*) *The academic Trifles, a collection of poetical pieces by a Gentleman of Oxford. Lond. 1778. 4to.*

Free as the light-wing'd airs of May,
That wanton kiſs each roſy ſweet,
I'll laugh the moments wild away,
And court looſe pleaſure's glittering ſeat.

The ſong, the dance, and Bacchus' ſmile
Shall give to joy the melting hour;
No more ſhall love with ſecret guile
Win a ſoft ſoul to Beauty's power.

Thus ſpoke the heart from paſſion free,
And wak'd my ſoul to fancied joy;
Hail once again, loſt liberty,
I dread no more the Idalian boy!

Ah me! poor weak, unguarded heart,
I feel return the ſick'ning pain.
Yet, yet again the magic dart
Strikes with new force each throbbing vein.

And once again all ſad and ſlow
I wander through the moonlight grove,
And ſtrive to charm away my woe,
While echoes wild my lute of love.

Go, gentle lute, with ſofteſt air,
Breathe pity o'er my Delia's breaſt;
Thy ſound ſhall melt the paſſion'd fair,
Her ſmile of love ſhall crown me bleſt.

Yo, gentle lute, for Venus kind
Bids her wing'd boy thy muſic ſwell;
Then happier tun'd breathe all my woe,
And all thy maſter's ſorrow's tell.

And ſure the maid, whoſe tender eye
Smiles as the dewy ſtar of eve,
Shall yield to love's ſoft harmony,
And all my fondeſt vows believe.

Come, golden hours, to fancy dear,
Come hours, by love and Delia bleſt;
Then let me loſe each idle fear,
When folded to her ſnowy breaſt.

O when or care or ſickneſs pale
Forbid ſweet sleep to bleſs the night;
What joy, to hear her tender tale,
Charm each long hour till morning light!

And when the ghaſtly form of death
Shall ſwim before theſe mournful eyes,

And ronnd my heart my lareſt breath
Heaves, painful heaves long lab'ring ſighs;

O then her voice of love divine
Shall ſooth to peace my trembling breaſt;
And patient I the world reſign,
In life with love and Delia bleſt.

Verſes on the Death of Dr. Swift.

Occaſioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault.

Dans l'adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe, qui nenous de plait pas.

In the adverſity of our beſt friends we always find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the reſt.
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
„ In all diſtreſſes of our friends
„ We firſt conſult our private ends;
„ While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
„ Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us.“

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crouded show
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt:
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won?
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:

How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendship yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power and ſtation,
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.

I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.

In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix,

It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, pox take him and his wit:
I grieve to be out done by *Gay*
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John *), as well as *Pulteney* **), knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents heav'n hath bleſs'd 'em;
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes, dear fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

*) Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*,

**) *William Pulteney* Eſq; now earl of *Bath*.

The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:

And though 'tis hardly underſtood,
Which way my death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
See, how the Dean begins to break!
Poor Gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face,
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead;
Beſides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he ſays;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd:

Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can ſit
To hear his out of faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes;
Faith, he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:

In half the time he talks them round:
There muſt another ſet be found.

For poetry he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.

I'd have him throw away his pen; — —
But there's no talking to ſome men.

And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the ſecond,
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail;
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale:
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till ſpring.
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus;
It is not yet ſo bad with us,
In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.

Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend,
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, „ worſe and worſe! "
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well,
Then he, who prophefy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
„ You know I always fear'd the worſt,
„ And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.

Not one foretells, I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend?
What hearty prayers, that I ſhould mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?

And more lament when I was dead,
Then all the ſniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? he's juſt alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.

Before the paſſing bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To pnblic uſes! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice and pride:
He gave it all — but firſt he dy'd.

And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood?

Now *Grubſtreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curſe* the *Dean*, or *bleſs* the *Drapier*,
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years;

For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were found.
From *Dublin* ſoon to *London* ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead,
And lady *Suffolk* *) in the ſpleen
Runs langhing up to tell ***.
The *** ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries „ Is he gone! 'tis time he should.“

*) Mrs. *Howard* then counteſs of *Suffolk* and of the bed chamber to the late Queen.

Now *Chartres* *) at ſir *Robert's* **) levee
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
Why. if he dy'd without his shoes,
(Cries *Bob*) I'm ſorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
And in his place my good friend ***) *Will!*
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* was dead!

Now *Curl* ****) his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains,
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
*****) Publish my will, my life, my letters;

*) Colonel *Francis Chartres* whoſe character may be ſeen in on epitaph written by Dr. *Arbouthnot*,

**) Sir *Robert Walpole*, then firſt miniſter of ſtate, afterwards earl of *Oxford*.

***) *William Pulteney* Eſq. ſince earl of *Bath*.

****) An infamous book ſeller, who published things in the dean's name. which he never wrote.

*****) For ſome of theſe practices he was brought before the houſe of lords.

Revive the libels born to die;
Which *Pope* muſt bear, as well as I.

Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent,
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear,
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
„ I'm ſorry — but we all muſt die!“

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guiſe
All fortitude of mind ſupplies;
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe, who never pity felt?
When we were lash'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.

The fools my juniors by a year
Are tortur'd with ſuſpence and fear:
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
„ The Dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)
„ Then, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
„ (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
„ Six deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall,
„ (I wis'h I knew what king to call.)
„ Madam, your husband will attend
„ The fun'ral of ſo good a friend:
„ No, madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
„ And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
„ My Lady *Club* will take it ill,
„ If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
„ He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart)
„ But deareſt friends, they ſay muſt part,
„ His time was come; he ran his race;
„ We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miſt,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of Appollo?
Departed — *and his works muſt follow,*

Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country' ſquire to *Lintot* *) goes,
Inquires for *Swift* in verſe and proſe.
Says *Lintot* „ I have heard the name;
„ He dy'd a year ago. " The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
„ Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane* **):
„ I ſent them, with a load of books,
„ Laſt *Monday* to the paſtry-cook's.
„ To fancy, they could live a year!
„ I find, you're but a ſtranger here.
„ The Dean was famous in his time,
„ And had a kind of knak at rhyme.
„ His way of writing now is paſt:
„ The town has got a better taſte.
„ I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
„ But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
„ Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew'em,
„ Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth — day poem.
„ This ode you never yet have ſeen
„ By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.

*) *Bernard Lintot*, a Bookſeller. See *Pope's* dunciad and Letters.

**) A place where old Books are ſold.

„ Then here's a letter finely penn'd
„ Againſt the *Craftsman* and his friend;
„ It clearly shews, that all reflection
„ On miniſters is diſaffection.
„ Next, here's ſir *Robert's* vindication,
„ And Mr. *Henley's* *) laſt oration.
„ The hawkers have not got them yet;
„ Your honour pleaſe to have a ſet?"

Suppoſe me dead, and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the *Roſe*;
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat,

The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court
Alt though ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
„ Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
„ He was a moſt *confounded tory*,
„ And grew or he is much bely'd;
„ Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
Can we the *Drapier* then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?

*) Commonly called orator *Henley* whoſe rhapſodies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country.

"Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters*!
„ He should have, left them for his *betters*;
„ We had a hundrad *abler men*,
„ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. —
„ Say what you will about his *reading*,
„ You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
„ Who, in his *Satires* running riot,
„ Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
„ Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
„ *Court*, *city*, *camp*. — all one to him. —
„ But why would he except he *slobber'd*,
„ Offend our *patriot* great ſir *Robert*,
„ Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſov'reign pow'r
„ To *ſave* the *nation* ev'ry hour?
„ What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
„ In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels*!
„ Not ſparing his own *clergy — cloth*,
„ But *eats* into it, like á *moth*!"

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein.
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.

If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*:
Should *vice* expect to ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke*?
His friendships ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower.
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing *Chartres*.

He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David's* leſſon juſt;
In princes never put his truſt:
And would you make him truly ſowre,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
„ Alas, poor *Dean!* his only ſcope
„ Was to be held a *miſanthrope*.

„ This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
„ Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
„ His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
„ But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
„ For, had we made him *timely* offers
„ To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
„ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
„ Like other *brethren* of his *gown*,
„ For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:
„ I ſay no more — becauſe he's *dead.* —
„ What *writings* has he left behind? —
I hear, they're of a diffrent kind:
A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe —
„ Some *high flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe: —
„ All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
„ To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's* crimes,
„ To praiſe queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
„ As never fav'ring the *pretender*: —
„ Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
„ Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpight*:
„ Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
„ A *lye* at ev'ry *ſecond* word —
„ Offenſive to a *loyal* ear. —
„ But-*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*. —
As for his works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.

Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
But this I know, all people bought 'em ;
As with a moral view design'd,
To *please*, and to *reform* mankind:
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much,
And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.

Swift.

Song. *)

Gentle Youth, ah tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly?
Cease, oh cease, to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear,
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

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*) See Vol. 1. of this choice pag. 28.

To the Laſſes.

I have ſeriously weigh'd it, and find it but juſt,
That a wife makes a man either bleſſed or curſt.
I declare I will many, as ſonn as I find,
Mark me well, ye young laſſes; a maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miſs, who advice will deſpiſe,
Nor the girl that's ſo foolish to think herſelf wiſe,
Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind;
Not one of theſe three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude, who in public will never be free,
Yet in private for ever a toying will be;
Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind;
Not one of theſe three is the maid to my mind.

Nor she, who for pleaſure her husband will ſlight;
Nor the poſitive dame, who thinks always she's right;
Nor she, who a dupe to the fashion's inclin'd;
Not one of theſe three is the maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good nature, and carrige genteel,
Who her husband can love; and no ſecrets reveal;

In whoſe breaſt I may virtue with modeſty find;
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

Thompſon.

The Negro's Dying Speech,

On his being executed for rebellion in he Island of Jamaica.

'Tis paſt — ah! calm thy *) care to reſt,
Firm and unmov'd am I; —
In Freedom's cauſe I bar'd my breaſt —
In Freedom's cauſe I die.

A ſtop! thou do'ſt me fatal wrong —
Natur will yet rebel;
For I have lov'd thee very long,
And lov'd thee very well.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs
I ſoon shall wing my way,
Where joy shall lead the circling hours
Unleſs too long thy ſtay.

*) He is ſuppoſed to addreſs his wife at the place of execution.

O ſpeed, fair ſun! thy courſe divine;
My *Abala*, remove;
There thy bright beams ſhall ever ſhine,
And I for ever love.

On thoſe bleſt ſhores — a ſlave no more!
In peaceful eaſe I'll ſtray;
Or rouſe to chace, the mountain boar,
As unconfin'd as day!

No Chriſtian Tyrant there is known
To mark his ſteps with blood,
Nor ſable Mis'ry's piercing moan
Reſounds thro' every wood.

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,
Have ſeen the falling tear;
Known the good heart by pity wrung,
Ah! that ſuch hearts are rare!

Now, Chriſtian, glut thy ravish'd eyes —
I reach the joyful hour;
Now bid the ſcorching flames ariſe,
And theſe poor limbs devour;

But know, pale Tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage;

The death thou giv'ſt ſhall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

O Death, how welcome to th' oppreſt!
Thy kind embrace I crave;
Thou bring'ſt to Mis'ry's boſom reſt,
And freedom to the ſlave.

R. E. Eſq.

An Epilogue.

You ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow;
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt will grow:
But 'twas heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies poets toil to write!

The

The ſweating muſe does almoſt leave the chaſe;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You rowl liks ſnow-balls, gathering as you run,
And yet ſeven dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſides the face was ſeen;
But ev'ry inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-make upon the face.
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, ev'ry twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do you work this ſummer, without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phoebus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For ev'ry critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play,

Dryden.

Pleaſure.

A Viſion.

Hear, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor ſcorn your poet's homely ſtyle.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant, that my doctrine's true:
Or if my ſentiments be old,
Remember, truth is ſterling gold.
You judge it of important weight
To keep your riſing offſpring ſtrait:
For this ſuch anyioux moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of ſteel:
For this import the diſtant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the ſoul be warp'd aſide
By paſſion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worſt deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of Mind.
Why not adorn the better part!
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the ſoul's index, or its caſe?

Now take a ſimile at hand,
Compare the mental ſoil to land,
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O ſince the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
How ev'ry weed and dreſs the ſoil,
So harveſt ſhall repay your toil.

If human minds reſemble trees,
(As ev'ry moraliſt agrees)
Prune all the ſtraglers of your vine,
Then ſhall the purple cluſters ſhine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his ſalutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant ſhoot
Or robs the bloom, or ſtarves the fruit.

A *) *Satyriſt* in Roman times,
When Rome like Britain groun'd with crimes,
Aſſerts it for a ſacred truth,
That *Pleaſures* are the bane of youth:
That ſorrows ſuch purſuits attend,
Or ſuch purſuits in ſorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.

*) Perſius.

Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your ſons revere the ſage;
In ſtudy ſpend their midnight oil,
And ſtring their nerves by manly toil.
Thus ſhall they grow, like *Temple* wiſe,
Thus future *Locks* and *Newtons* riſe;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance.
And ſave us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your ſons betimes forego
Thoſe treach'rous paths where *Pleaſures* grow?
Where the young mind is folly's slave,
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.
Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour fam'd:
Are the dear youths to ſcience prone?
Tell, how th' immortal *Bacon* shone!
Who leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whoſe vaſt capacious plan
Beſpoke him angel, more than man!
Does love of martial fame inſpire?
Cherish, ye fair, the genr'rous fire;
Teach them to ſpurn inglorious reſt,
And rouſe the hero in their breaſt;

Paint *Creſſey's* vanquish'd field anew,
Their ſouls shall kindle at the view;
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimſon plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main:
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the coſt,
What their degen'rate ſires have loſt:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As *Churchill's* once, or *Warren's* now.

One Summer's evening as I ſtray'd
Along the ſilent moon-light glade;
With theſe reflections in my breaſt,
Beneath an oak I ſunk to reſt;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dreſs'd inſtructive ſcenes.

Methought a ſpacious road I'ſpy'd,
And ſtately trees adorn'd its ſide:
Frequented by a giddy croud
Of thoughtleſs mortals, vain, and loud;
Who trip'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their ſmiling throng.

I ſtrait obey'd — perſuaſion hung
Like honey on the ſpeaker's tongue.
A cloudleſs ſun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roſes ſtrew'd our way.

Now as our journey we purſue,
A beauteous fabric roſe to view;
A ſtately dome! and ſweetly grac'd
With every ornament of taſte.
This ſtructure was a female's claim,
And Pleaſure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And ſaw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian ſweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing veſt adorn'd the fair
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair:
The *Graces* deck'd her with their ſmiles,
And *Fraud* beſtow'd her artful wiles;
Love taught her liſping tongue to ſpeak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The *Lilly*, blended with the *Roſe*,
The Tincture of her face compoſe;
Nor did the god of *Wit* disdain
To mingle with the shining train.

Her vot'ries flock'd from various parts
And chiefly youth reſign'd their hearts:
The old in ſparing numbers preſs'd,
But awkward devoters at beſt.

Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
Thro' all the garden's boaſted pride.

Here jaſmines ſpread the ſilver flow'r
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r.
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here riſing myrtles from a ſhade,
There roſes blush, and ſcent the glade.
The orange with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young bloſſoms here unfold,
There ſhines the fruit, like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy ſweets exhale,
And triumph in the diſtant gale.
Now fountains murm'ring to the ſong,
Roll their translucent ſtreams along.
Thro' all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark aſcending pours his notes,
And linnet ſwell their rapt'rous throats.
We now were arder'd to depart,
Reluctance ſat on ev'ry heart:
A porter show'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before!
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The crouds deſcended in a tide.
But oh! ye heav'ns, what vaſt ſurprize
Struck the advent'rer's frighted eyes!

A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obſcur'd the day:
The darkneſs roſe in ſmoky ſpires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
Five ruthleſs tyrants ſway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here ſat *Diſtaſte*, with fickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with ſpleen:
There ſtood *Remorſe*, with thought oppreſt,
And vipers feeding on his breaſt:
Then *Want*, dejected, pale and thin,
With bones juſt ſtarting thro' the skin;
A ghaſtly fiend! — and cloſe behind
Diſeaſe his aching head reclin'd!
His everlaſting thirſt confeſs'd
The fires which ray'd within his breaſt.
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd unrelenting in the ſtorm:
When ſtrait a doleful shriek was heaſt:
I'woke — The viſion diſappear'd.
Let not the unexperiene'd boy
Deny, that *Pleaſures* will deſtroy:
Or ſay, that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to pleaſe a child.

Important hints the wife may reap
From fallies of the foul in sleep.
And fince there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your eſteem.

Cotton.

A Recipe
To make a *Man* of *Conſequence.*

A brow auſtere, a circumſpective eye,
A frequent shrug of the os *humeri*,
A nod ſignificant, a ſtately gate,
A bluſt'ring manner, and a tone of weight,
A ſmile ſarcaſtic, an expreſſive ſtare —
Adapt all theſe, as time and place will bear:
Then reſt assur'd, that thoſe of equal ſenſe,
Will deem you, Sir, a *Man of Conſequence.*

Woty.

Verſes written in a *Garden.*

See how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And heedleſs of cenſorious eyes,
Purſue their unpolluted joys:

No fears of future want moleſt
The downy quiet of their neſt;
No int'reſt join'd the happy pair;
Securely bleſt in nature's caſe,
While her dear dictates they purſue:
For conſtancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our ſchools
Our maxims, our religious rules;
Can learning to our lives enſure
Virtue ſo bright, or bliſs ſo pure?
The great Creator's happy ends,
Virtue and pleaſure ever blends:
In vain the church and court have try'd
Th' united eſſence to divide;
Alike they find their wild miſtake,
The pedant prieſt, and giddy rake.

M. W. Montague.

An Epiſtle,

to Mr. *Gay. Anacreontic.*

When Fame did o'er the ſpacious plains
The lays, ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
And liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrains,
And wonder'd, who could ſing ſo ſweet;

'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre;
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung;
The Loves and ſmiles compos'd the choir;
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phoebus ſung.

Garth *)

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*) This and the following Epiſtle have been published for the firſt time in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for *July* 1778. That of Mr. *Gay* is principally curious from its being earlier then any known production of his pen.

An Epiſtle,

to the learned ingenious Author of „ Licentia Poetica diſcuſſed, or the True Teſt of Poetry. 1709. " *)

The vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aſpire,
Nor conſtant ſtudies the bright lays acquire.
And that high flights the unborn Bard receives,
And only nature the due laurel gives.

*) Dr. *William Coward*. Author of a great variety of treatiſes on various ſubjects, medical, poetical and religious.

But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
To wide Caſtalian ſprings point out the God;
Through your perſpective we can plainly ſee
The new-diſcover'd road of Poetry.
To ſteep Parnaſſus you direct the way
So ſmooth, that venturous travellers cannot ſtray,
But with unerring ſteps rough ways disdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous ſummit gain,
Where polish'd lays shall raiſe their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enroll their honour'd names.

Gay.

Song.

Boaſt not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms, that have ſubdued my heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps, by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

Vain youth, to your confuſion know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs

You all yonr fancied beautes owe
Which fade as that grows leſs.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You should preſerve my fire,
Since you, my ſwain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love hath render'd blind.

Phillips *)

*) Guardian. I. No. 16.

The *Shepherd* and the *Philoſopher*.

Remote from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and pen'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;

His wisdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country raiſh'd his name
A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight-oil ?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or like the wiſe Ulyſſes thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd ?
The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd ;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind , their laws and arts ;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes :
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know ?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature draind ;

Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air:
With pious wing protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large.
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In converſation over-bear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?

Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind:
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

Gay.

The

The Link. A Ballad.

Ye ladies that live in the city or town,
Fair Winton or Alresford so fine and so gay;
And ye neat country lasses in clean linen gown,
As neat and as blithe and as pretty as they:
Come away strait to Ovington, for you can't think
What a charming new walk there is made on the
Link.
Look how lovely the prospect, the meadows
how green,
The fields and the woods, in the vale or the hill:
The trees, and the cottage that peeps out between,
The clear stream that runs bubbling in many a rill,
That will show your fair face as you stand on the
brink,
And murmurs most sweetly all under the Link.
How pleasant the morning, how clear the blue sky,
How pure the fresh air, and how healty the place!
Your heart goes a pit-a-pat light as a fly,
And the blood circles briskly, and glows in your
face:
Would you paint your fair cheeks with the rose and
the pink?
Throw your washes away, take a walk on the Link.

After dinner the' ſquire ere the ladies retreat,
Marches off with ſome friends that will ply the brisk glaſs;
Give ars liquor enough, and a good pleaſant ſeat,
And damn your fine taſts, and your finical laſs;
Al freſco, my lads, we'll carouſe and we'll drink,
Take your bottle each man, and away to the Link.
Not ſo gentle Collin, whom love holds in thrall,
To Molly he ſteals all in ſilence away;
And when nought can be heard but the rude water-fall,
And the woodbine breathes ſweeteſt at cloſe of the day,
He takes her ſoft hand, and he tips her the wink
Come, my dear, let us take a cool walk on the Link.
But, o ye fair maidens, be ſure have a care,
Nor lay yourſelves open to love's cruel dart;
Of the hour and the place and the ſeaſon beware,
And guard well each paſſage that leads to your heart;
Sly Cupid will ſteal in at ſome little chink,
If you walk in the evening too late on the Link.
Ye poets ſo lofty, who love to retire
From the noiſe of the town to the ſtream and the wood;

Who in epics and tragics, with marvellous fire,
Utter ſounds by mere mortals not well underſtood:
Here mouthe your loud ſtrain, and here ply pen and ink,
Quit Parnaſſus and Pindus, and come to the Link.
And come you, who for thought are at little expence,
Who indite gentle paſtoral, ballad, or ſong;
You ſee with ſmooth numbers, and not to much ſenſe,
How the verſes run eaſy and glibly along;
And the rhime at the cloſe how it falls with a clink,
So kind are the Muſes that ſport on the Link!

Lowth. *)

*) The late Bishop of London. Author of the celebrated Work, *De ſacra Pöeſi Hebræorum-Prælectiones Academicæ Oxonii habitæ.* 1753. 4to.

Inſcription for the neglected Column in th palace of St. *Mark* at *Florence*. Written in the Year 1740.

Eſcap'd a *) race, whoſe vanity ne'er rais'd
A monument but when themſelves it prais'd.

*) The family of Medici.

Sacred to Truth, O! let this column rise,
Sure from falſe trophies and inſcriptive lies!
Let no enslavers of their country here
In impudent relievo dare appear:
No pontiff by a ruin'd nation's blood
Luſting to aggrandize his baſtard brood:
Be here no *) Clement, **) Alexander ſeen,
No pois'ning ***) cardinal, or pois'ning ****) queen;
No Coſmo, or the *****) bigot duke, or ******) he
Great from the wounds of dying liberty.

---

*) Cardinal Julio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII.

**) Alexander the firſt Duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino de' Medici.

***) Ferdinand the Great, was firſt Cardinal and then became great Duke, by poiſoning his elder brother Francis I. and his wife Bianca Capello.

****) Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry II. King of France.

*****) Coſmo III.

******) Coſmo the Great enslaved the republics of Florence and Siena.

No *) Lorainer — one lying **) arch ſuffice
To tell his vertues and his victories:
Beneath his foſt'ring eye how ***) commerce thriv'd,
Beneath his ſmile how drooping arts reviv'd:
Let it relate, e'er ſince his rule begun,
Not what he has, but what he should have done.
Level with freedom, let this pillar mourn,
Nor riſe, before the radiant bliſs return;
Then tow'ring boldly to the skies proclaim
Whate 'er shall be the patriot hero's name,
Who, a new Brutus, shall his country free,
And, like a god, shall ſay, Let there the liberty.

Horace Walpole,

---

*) Francis II. Duke of Lorain, which he gave up to France, againſt the command of his mother, and the petitions of all his ſubjects, and had Tuſcany in exchange.

**) The triumphal arch erected to him without the Porta San Gallo.

***) Two inſcriptions over the leſſer arches call him „ Reſtitutor Commercii and Propagator Bonarum Artium, " as his ſtatue on horſeback trampling on the Turks, on the ſummit, repreſents the victories that he was deſigned to

Sufannah and the two Elders.

An imitation of Chaucer.

Fair Sufan did her wifehode well maintayne.
Algates aſſaulted ſo by Leachers twayne.
Now, an' I read aright that auncient ſong,
The paramours were olde, the dame was yong.

Had thilke ſame tale in other guiſe been told
Had they been yong, (pardie) and she been olde,
Sweet Jeſu! that had been much ſorer tryale;
Full marvaillous, I wot, were ſach denyale.

Prior.

Sufannah and the two Elders.

When fair *Sufannah*, in a cool retreat
Of shady arbours, shunn'd the ſultry heat,
Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
And, rushing furious, ſeiz'd the trembling Dame.
What Female ſtrength could do, her arms perform,
And guarded well the fort they ſtrove to ſtorm.
The Story's ancient and (if rightly told)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers old.

gain over that people, when he received the command of the Emperor's armies, but was prevented by ſome fevers.

Had the reverſe been true! had Authors ſung,
How that the Dame was old, the lovers young!
If she had been the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting youth and vigour on their ſide,
Lord! how the ſtory would have shock'd my creed!
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

Cobb.

Song.

Come away Death.

Come away, come away, death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath!
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death no one ſo true
Did share it. *)

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:

*) Though death is a part, in which every one acts his share, yet of all theſe actors no one is ſo true as I. (*Johnſon's and Steevens' ed. of Sh. IV. p.* 185.)

Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thouſand, thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, o! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Shakeſpeare. *)

*) *Twelft Night. Act. II. ſc. 4.*

The Journal
Of a
Modern Lady.
Written in 1728.

It was a moſt unfriendly part.
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female common-weal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the Sex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival *Venus* to a hair;

Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his caracter bely?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears
Sooner ſhall &c.

(Here ſeveral verſes are omitted in all Editions of Swift's *Works.)*

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair;
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *Journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,

Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures,
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors ſay not quite ſo ſoon)
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all-night up at *quadrille*.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and „ *Eetty*, pray
„ Don't I look frightfully to-day?
„ But was it not confounded hard?
„ Well, if I ever touch a card!
„ Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codill*!
„ Depend upon't, I never will.
„ But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
„ The ladies hereto-night by ſix. "
Madam, the goldsmith waits below:
He ſays, his buſineſs is to know

If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
He keeps in pawn? — „ Why ſhew him up "?
Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content.
To take, for intereſt, *cent per cent.*
And, madam, there's my lady *ſpade*
Hath ſent this letter by her maid.
„ Well, I remember what she won;
„ And hath she ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
„ Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
„ My husband left to pay for coals:
„ I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
„ And I may have revenge to-night. "
Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enter on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady *Spade* a hundred cheats:
„ She slipt *Spadillo* in her breaſt,
„ Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
„ There's Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,
„ And to each other give the ſign. "
Through ev'ry game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.
Now to another ſcene give place;
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right *India* this, right *Mechlin* that;

Obſerve this pattern; there's a ſtuff;
I can have cuſtomers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown ſo hard —
This lace is worth twelve pound a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a fan.

This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſt by four,
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner ſtays:
She anſwers in her uſual ſtyle,
The cook muſt keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dreſs:
No woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
I wish the dinner at *Old Nick*.
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
„ I thought we were to dine alone,
„ My dear; for ſure, if I had known
„ This company would come to-day —
„ But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way;
„ He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
„ To tell when he invites his friends;
„ I wish ye may but have enough. "
And while with all this paultry ſtuff

She ſits tormenting ev'ry gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one *moment's* reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby husband ſit
In admiration at her wit,
But let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her ev'ning tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the God of *Silence* flew,
And fair *diſcretion* left the place,
And *modeſty* with blushing face:
Now enters over-weening *pride*
And *ſcandal* ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude *laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *malice* always judging worſt;
And *vanity* with pocket-glaſs,
And *impudence* with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd *affectation* came
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While *ignorance*, with brain of lead
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When to give ev'ry dame her due
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or, how should I, alas! relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, „ Madam, if it be a lye,
„ You have the tale as cheap as I.
„ I muſt conceal my author's name;
„ But now 'tis known to common fame; "
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say; by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein your ſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes *Chloe's* tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure *Phillis* for perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* ſneering ſays;
That *Florimel* wears iron ſtays:

Cloe's of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows
And full of indignation frets
That women should be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, „ Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious! "
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that *Sappho's* hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence;
And *Sylvia*, full of inward guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies;
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken;
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſhool-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter:
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongue alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look;
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the toſſing of the fan
Deſcribe the lady and the man.
But ſee, the female club diſbands
Each twenty viſits on her hands:
Now all alone poor Madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
„ And was not *Tom* this morning ſent?
„ I'd lay my life he never went:
„ Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
„ I might by this have won a vole. "
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
„ Here, *Betty*, let me take my drops:
„ And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops,
„ This head of mine, lord, how it ſwims!
„ And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!
Dear Madam, try to take a nap —
But now they hear a footman's rap
„ Go run, and light the ladies up:
„ It muſt be one before we ſup. "

The

The table, cards, and counters ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all night?
„ Whoever comes, I'm not within " —
Quadrille's the word, and ſo begin.

How can the muſe her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitions whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul she feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels?
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *ſpadillo* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
„ This morning, when the *parſon* came,
„ I ſaid I should not win a game.

„ This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't?
„ I think I never had good luck in't.
„ I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
„ Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
„ Stand further, girl, or yet you gone;
„ I allways loſe, when you look on. "
Lord! Madam, you have loſt codill:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
„ Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay
„ 'Twas you that threw the game away;
„ When lady *Trickſey* play'd a four,
„ You took it with a mattadore;
„ I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
„ Before my lady call'd a king;
„ You ſpoke a word began with H,
„ And I know whom you meant to teach
„ Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
„ Fie, Madam, leave theſe little arts. "
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner underſtand
A mattadore is in her hand.
„ Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
„ I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce. "
And truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of five you ſcor'd me ten.

Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I gueſs the hand; it ſeldom fails:
I wish ſome folks would pare their nails.

While thus they rail and ſcold and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form;
And conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of shame.

The time too precious now to waſte,
And ſupper gobbled up in haſte,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat,
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat,
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
A froſty morn-paſt four o'clock.
The chairmen are not to be found,
„ Come, let us play the other round. "

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and yet them gone;
But firſt the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky Madam left in tears
(Who now again *Quadrille* forſwears)

With empty purſe, and aching head;
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

Swift.

Ode to Sleep.

Sleep! thy balmy aid apply,
Calm to reſt my wakeful woes,
Sorrow's cheek o gently dry;
Sorrow's eye in ſlumber cloſe:
Fancy then ſhall hold her reign;
Hope ſhall ſooth the penſive mind:
Stella then ſhall ſmile again,
Stella ſhall again be kind.
Loſt to all we moſt adore,
What has life that's worth our care.
Sleep to my fond arms reſtore
Stella faithful, kind and fair.
But, tho' once ſo fair and kind,
Should thoſe dreams of love be paſt
Ah then! what ſolace may I find
Still let me ſleep and ſleep my laſt.

Cartwright *)

*) Critical review for April 1779. pag. 303.

Advice to the old Beaux.

Scrape no more your harmleſs chins,
Old beaux, in hopes, in hopes, to pleaſe:
You shou'd repent your former ſins,
Not ſtudy their increaſe;
Young aukward fops may shook our ſight,
But you offend both day and night.

In vain the coachman turns about,
And whips the dappl'd greys:
When the old ogler looks out,
We turn away our face.
True love and youth will ever charm,
But both affected cannot warm.

Summer ſtuits we highly prize,
They kindly cool the blood:
But winter berries we deſpiſe,
And leave 'em in the wood;
On the bush they may look well,
But, gather'd, loſe both taſte and ſmell.

That you languish, that you die,
Alas! is but too true:

Yet tax not us with cruelty,
Who daily pity you.
Nature henceforth alone accuſe;
In vain we grant if she refuſe.

Sedley.

To a Lady, on the Death of a favourite Bullfinch.

Since fate has ſtopp'd the warbler's ſon
Which us'd to charm your ear,
Heed not, my fair, the vulgar throng,
Nor blush to shed a tear.

'Tis man alone, with impious pride,
Disdains the tender thought;
Whoſe breaſt, to haughtineſs ally'd,
By nature ne'er was taught.

Not his the care at early morn
To ſtore with food the cage;
Such trivial acts he views with ſcorn,
Him loftier deeds engage.

He only joys to urge the chace,
To courſe the well-train'd ſteed,

To wound from far the pheaſant's race,
Or bid the partridge bleed.

In vain (for him) to winter's gloom
Succeeds the purple ſpring;
In vain each blush begins to bloom,
And every bird to ſing.

The black-bird, warbling to the throng,
Oft finds the leaden death;
And oft, amidſt his tuneful ſong,
The thrush reſigns his breath.

But you, my fair one, better know
The ſongſter's worth to prize;
For him, who charm'd your ears, shall flow
The tribute of your eyes.

When you the wanton acts recite,
While faſt your ſorrows ſtream
The Muſe, whom nature's charms delight,
Shall join, the plaintive theme.

A Song

In the Honour and Glory of God Cupid.

Now's the time for mirth and glee;
Sing, and love, and dance with me;
Cupid is my theme of ſtory,
'Tis his Godship's fame and glory.
How all yield unto his law,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave and o'er the gay
Cupid takes his ſhare of play;
He makes Heroes quit their glory,
(He's the God moſt fam'd in ſtory)
Binding them unto his law,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sly the urching deals his darts
Without pity, piercing hearts,
Cupid triumphs over paſſions,
Nor regarding modes or fashions;
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

You may doubt theſe things are true,
But they're facts 'twixt me and you;

Then ye men and maids be wary,
How ye meet before ye marry!
Cupid's will is ſolely law,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Thompſon.

An *Ode* on Miſs *Harriet Hanbury* at ſix years old.

I.

Why ſhould I thus employ my time,
To paint thoſe cheeks of roſy hue?
Why ſhould I ſearch my brains for rhime,
To ſing thoſe eyes of gloſſy blue?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces:
They only ſerve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents faces.

III.

But ſoon thoſe eyes their ſtrenght ſhall feel;
Thoſe charms their pow'rful ſway ſhall find:
Youth ſhall in crowds before you kneel,
And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then when on Beauty's throne you ſit,
And thouſands court you wish'd for arms;
My Muſe shall ſtretch her utmoſt wit,
To ſing the victories of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er loſt,
At leaſt while verſe like mine endures:
And future *Hanburys* shall boaſt,
Of verſe like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
Since ſcarce another houſe can shew,
A poet, that can ſing like me;
A beauty, that can charm like you.

Sir *Charles Hanbury Williams.*

The Shepherd's Invitation.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſure prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field
And all th craggy mountains yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals:

There will I make thee beds of roſes,
And then a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown, made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold.

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love,

Thy ſilver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods to eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The ſhepherd-ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each may-morning:

If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Chriſtopher Marloe.

The Nymph's anſwer.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love,

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The reſt complain of cares to come:

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
Theſe are but vain; that's only good,
Which God hath bleſt, and ſent for food.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joy no date, and age no need,
Then theſe delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh. *)

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*) *S. Shakeſp. Merry Wives of Windſor act. III. Sc. I.* Theſe two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakeſpeare, are, by writers nearer that time, diſpoſed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh, they are read in different copies with great variations. *Johnſon's and Steevens Sh. Vol. I. p.* 249-50. The concluſion of both have furniſhed Milton with the hint for the laſt lines both of his Allegro and Penſeroſo. *Steevens. ib.*

The Relief.

Of two reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind,
Flavia preſcribes deſpair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

Epilogue to Mithridates,

king of Pontus.

(By Mr. N. Lee. 1678.)

You' have ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage:
And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays,
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis a ſubtle intereſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!

She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware,
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

Dryden.

Ode to Poetry.

I.

Led by the Muſe thy ſtarry mount I climb,
Which ſtands unhurt amidſt the wrecks of time;
Here ample-handed Flora lays
A carpet of eternal flow'rs.
In gay rotation fly the nimble days,
And feſtive Mirth leads on the dancing hours.

II.

Yet has the lightning blaz'd around its brow,
And left unſing'd the Laurel's verdant bough.

Untouch'd th'immortal Bays remain:
For nature fills the lofty ſpace.
The Goddeſs here has fix'd her ſtable reign;
'Tis ſacred all, and Heav'n protects the place.

III.

From hence imagination cleaves the skies,
And all Creation burſts upon mine eyes.
Whatever sleeps in Ocean's bed,
Or floats upon the fluid air,
Each humble vale, and mountain's lordly head,
I ſee, and bow to him who plac'd 'em there.

IV.

Oh Poetry! who can thy joys proclaim!
Who, but thy Bard, perpetuate thy name!
Ev'n I, the hindmoſt in thy train,
Obſequious to thy diſtant nod,
Dare in thy praiſe to lisp a feeble ſtrain,
Yet tremble at th' exulting Criticks rod.

V.

Thou taught'ſt thy ſiſter thy creative skill,
And lo! each image quickens at her will,
So potent is her ſacred breath,
The canvas lives at her command;
And shades of Heroes, long conſign'd to death,
Reſurge beneath her vivifying hand.

VI.

Nor does each Portrait only ſeem to live
Beneath the pow'r her pencil deigns to give,
With ſuch collective grace 'tis fraught,
Such warmth the rival colours darth,
That each bold figure teems with fancy'd thought,
And nature owns the force of mimiik Art.

VII.

Nor leſs does Muſick, ever-charming maid,
Feel the propitious advent of thy aid.
She harmonizes empty ſound,
As words, and ſentiment inſpire,
Makes Echo's hall reverberate around,
And wakes each note that slept within her lyre.

VIII.

Sweet Poetry! When Bus'neſs ſets me free
Oh! let me ſpend a vacant hour with thee,
For through thy channel's ample maze
Fair Harmony devolves its tide;
The ſmiling ſun sheds inexhauſted rays,
As thro' *Iehovah's* land thy holy waters glide *)

Woty.

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*) Alluding to the poetical language in the more ſublime parts of Scripture.

The unfortunate Concubine,

or

Roſamond's Overthrow. *)

Sweet, youthfull, charming ladies fair,
Fram'd of the pureſt mold,
With roſy cheecks, and ſilken hair,
Which shine like threads of gold,
Soft tears of pity here beſtow
On the unhappy fate
Of Roſamond, who long ago
Prov'd moſt unfortunate.

When as the ſecond Henr. reign'd
On the imperial throne,
How he this beauteous flower gain'd,
To you shall I make known,
With all the circumſtances too,
Which did her life attend,
How firſt she into favour grew,
And of her fatal end.

*) Occaſion'd by her brother's unadviſedly praiſing her beauty to two young knights of Salisbury, as they rid on the road.

As three young knights of Sal'sbury
Were riding on the way,
One boaſted of a fair lady,
Within her bow'r ſo gay;
I have a ſiſter, Clifford ſwears,
But few men do her know;
Upon her face the skin appears
Like drops of blod on ſnow.

My ſiſter's locks of curled hair
Outshine the golden ore;
Her skin for whiteneſs may compare
With the fine lily flow'r;
Her breaſts are lovely to behold,
Like to the driven ſnow;
I would not, for her weight in gold
King Henry should her know.

King Henry had a bower near,
Where they were riding by,
And he did Clifford over-hear;
Thought he immediatly,
Tho' I her brother should offend
For that fair white and red;
For her I am reſolv'd to ſend,
To grace my royal bed.

The king, who was of high renown,
Wou'd not his fancy pall
For having writ his pleaſure down,
He did young Clifford call:
Come here to me now out of hand,
Come hither unto me;
I am the king of fair England,
My meſſenger thou'lt be.

I to your ſiſter here have writ,
Three letters ſeal'd with gold;
No meſſenger I think ſo fit
As you; therefore, behold,
Convey them to her hand with ſpeed,
Make not the leaſt delay;
My will and pleaſure let her read,
And my commands obey.

Young Clifford then the letters took
From Henry's royal hand,
'Tho' with a melancholy look,
And mounted out of hand;
Soft tears bedimm'd his noble ſight,
His grieved heart was ſad;
Altho' he was as brave a knight,
As any Henry had.

With that this noble knight of fame
Rid on without delay,
Until he to the bower came,
Which was both rich and gay;
She cry'd, when he knock at the ring,
Who raps ſo fierce and bold?
Siſter I've brought you from the king
Three letters ſeal'd with gold.

Then with her fingers, long and ſmall
She broke the ſeals of gold;
And as she did to reading fall
At firſt, you might behold
The ſmiles of pleaſant ſweet delight,
As if well ſatisfy'd;
But e're she had concluded quite,
She wrung her hands, and cry'd:

Why did you boaſt beyond your bounds
When Oxford you did ſee?
You might have talk'd of hawks and hounds,
And never bragg'd of me
When by the king I am defil'd,
My father's griefs begin;
He'll have no comfort of his child,
Nor come to my wedding.

Go, fetch me down my planet-book
Straight from my private room;
For in the ſome I mean to look,
What is decreed my doom.
The planet-book to her they brought,
And laid it on her knee;
She found that all would come to nought,
For poiſon'd she should be.

I curſe you, brother, then she cry'd,
Who caus'd my deſtiny;
I might have been ſome lord's fair bride,
But you have ruin'd me.
With that, she call'd her waiting-maid,
To bring her riding weed;
And to her groom she likewiſe ſaid,
Saddle my milk-white ſteed.

Some ride before her, to report
Her coming to the king;
As she approach'd the royal court,
Sweet peals of bells did ring.
A garland o'er their head they bore,
To magnify her charms;
And as she came the king before,
He claſp'd her in his arms.

With blushes then she did beſeech
'The king on her bare knee;
Her words were theſe: I pray, my liege,
What is your will with me?
Said he, I ſent for thee, my Roſe
To grace my royal bed;
Now, as he did his mind diſcloſe,
She blushed ſcarlet red.

Blush not may faireſt Roſamond;
Fear no diſaſtrous fate
For by my kingly pow'r I can
Place thee in happy ſtate;
No lady in this court of mine
Can purchaſe thy deſert;
Whoſe pleaſant looks, and charms divine,
Have won my royal heart.

The gifts and preſents of a king
Soon caus'd her to comply;
Thinking there was not any thing
Like royal dignity.
But as her bright and golden ſcene
In court began to shine,
The news was carry'd to the queen
Of the new concubine.

At which she was enraged ſo
With malice in her breaſt,
That till she wrought her overthrow,
She could not be at reſt.
She felt the fury of the queen,
E're she had flourish'd long;
And dy'd juſt as she had forſeen,
By force of poiſon ſtrong.

The angry queen with malice fraught,
Could not herſelf contain,
Till she fair Roſamond had brought
To her ſad fatal bane.
The ſweet and charming precious Roſe,
King Henry's chief delight!
The queen she to the bower goes,
And wrought her hateful ſpight:

But when she to the bower came,
Where lady Clifford lay,
Enraged Ellinor by name
She could not find the way;
Until the ſilken clue of thread
Became a fatal guide
Unto the queen who laid her dead,
E're she was ſatisfy'd.

Alas! it was no ſmal ſurprize
To Roſamond the fair,
When death appear'd before her eyes;
No faithful friend was there.

Who could ſtand up in her defence,
To put the potion by;
So, by the hands of violence,
Compell'd she was to die.

O moſt renowned, gracious queen,
Compaſſion take of me;
I wish that I had never ſeen
So royal dignity.
Betray'd I was, and by degrees
A ſad conſent I gave
And now upon my bended knees
I do your pardon crave.

I will not pardon you, she cry'd;
So take this fatal cup;
And you may well be ſatisfyd,
I'll ſee you drink it up.
Then, with her fair and milk-white hand,
The fatal cup she took;
Which being drank, she could not ſtand,
But ſoon the world forſook.

Now when the king was well inform'd
What Ellinor had done
His breaſt he ſmote, in wrath he ſtorm'd
As if he would have run
Beſides his ſenſes; and he ſwore,
For this inhuman deed,
He never would bed with her more,
His royal heart did bleed.

The king did not ſtand pauſing long,
How to reward her ſpleen;
But ſtraight in a cloſe priſon ſtrong
He caſt his cruel queen.
Where she lay ſix and twenty years,
A long captivity,
Bathed in floods of weeping tears,
Till his dead ſet her free.

Now when her ſon he did ſucced
His father, great Henry;
His royal mother ſoon he freed
From her captivity.
And she ſet many more at large,
Who long for debt had lain;
Her royal pity did dicharge
Thouſands in Richar'ds reign.

To A Lady,

with ſome painted flowers.

Flowers to the fair : to you theſe flowers I bring,
And ſtrive to greet you with an earlier ſpring.
Flowers ſweet, and gay, and delicate like you;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths conſenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the ſole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltleſs garden grew.
To loftier forms are tougher tasks aſſign'd;
The ſheltering oak reſiſts the ſtormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows;
But this ſoft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleaſure and delight alone.
Gay without tail, and lovely without art,
They ſpring to cheer the ſenſe, and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy theſe;
Your beſt, your ſweeteſt empire is - to pleaſe.

Aikin.

Epiſtle
to the right honourable
Paul Methuen, Eſq.

That 'tis encouragement makes ſcience ſpread,
Is rarely practis'd, tho' 'tis often ſaid:
When learning droops and ſickens in the land,
What patron's found to lend a ſaving hand?
True gen'rous ſpirits proſp'rous vice deteſt,
And love to cherish virtue when diſtreſs'd:
But ere our mighty lords this scheme purſue,
Our mighty lords muſt think and act like you.

Why muſt we climb the alpine mountains ſides
To find the ſeat where Harmony reſides?
Why touch we not ſo oft the ſilver lute,
The chearful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the ſound,
But there the patrons of her ſons are found.

Why flowrish'd verſe in great Auguſtus 'reign?
He and Mecænas lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain.
But now that wight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (o cruel ſtars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write ranc'rous libels to reform the ſtate:
Or if you chuſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a miniſter with fulſome praiſe:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.

Be bolder yet, you muſt go farther ſtill,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to ſupport the cauſe;
He muſt indulge his patron's hate and ſpleen,
And ſtab the fame of thoſe he ne'er has ſeen.
Why then ſhould authors mourn their deſp'rate caſe?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? exert thy gifts to riſe,
And banish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.
All this ſeems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Againſt th' ungrateful age theſe authors roar,
And fancy learning ſtarves, becauſe they're poor.
Yet why ſhould learning hope ſucceſs at court?
Why ſhould our patriots virtue's cauſe ſupport?
Why to true merit ſhould they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (tho' the meaneſt of the Muſe's train)
Can boaſt ſubſcriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praiſe.
Ask painting, why ſhe loves Heſperian air?
Go view, ſhe cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in ſtate,
And on the temples lofty domes create.

The nobles view my works with knowing eyes:
They love the ſcience, and the painter prize.
Why didſt thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'ſt thou for this to raiſe thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy juſt labours ſhine,
And Raphael live again in thy deſign.
Yet ſtay a while; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington, unbiaſs'd, knows thy worth:
His judgement in thy maſter-ſtrokes can trace
Titian's ſtrong fire, and Guido's ſofter grace:
But, oh, conſider, ere thy works appear,
Canſt thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear?
Cenſure will blame, her breath was ever ſpent
To blaſt the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns riſe,
Does not he ſtand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by paſſing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandois with a liberal hand beſtow,
Cenſure imputes it all to pomp and ſhow;
When if the motive right were underſtood,
His dayly pleaſure is in doing good.
Had Pope with grov'ling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.

'Tis the ſublime that hurts the critic's eaſe;
Write nonſenſe, and he reads and ſleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift and Pope unknown,
Poor ſlander-felling Curl would be undone.
He who would free from malice paſs his days,
Muſt live obſcure, and never merit praiſe.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deſerving well.

A crow was ſtrutting o'er the ſtubbled plain,
Juſt as a lark deſcending clos'd his ſtrain.
The crow beſpoke him thus with ſolemn grace
Thou moſt accomplish'd of the feather'd race,
What force of lungs! how clear! how ſweet you ſing!
And no bird ſoars upon a ſtronger wing.
The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flatt'ry, thus reply's:
True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinions riſe;
Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
For what advantage are thefe gifts to me?
My ſong confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the faulcon's fatal rage.
But as you paſs, I hear the fowlers fay,
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.

Gay.

Uther and the Son of Owen.

An Ode.

Foſter'd by fountains and caſcades,
Iſſuing from woody hills and glades
How pleaſant, thro 'this ſmiling vale,
Thy ſtreams, meandering river, ſteal!
Delightful, on thy margin gay,
The paſtoral melodies are heard. —
Dolefully flow'd the tuneful lay
Erewhile when *Uther's* bloody ſword was bar'd.
Down the green valley, vengeful as he paſt,
Death, ſmiling grimly, rode th' afflicted blaſt.
Fly, ſon of hoary *Owen*, fly!
The gloomy ravager draws nigh.
The ravening wolf, intent on death,
On thee will wreck his envious wrath.
In vain, intrepid boy, in vain
Thy ardour, and thy polish'd bow;
Thy ruddy hue, thy tuneful ſtrain,
To brave, or mitigate the ſavage foe.
Wild, as the deſart's unrelenting brood,
He haſtes to wallow in thy youthful blood.
Why would the lovely *Bela* praiſe
Thy bloom? thy pleaſing form approve?

Or thou indulge, in tender gaze,
The melting ſympathies of love?
A deſperate rival, fierce with jealous fires
Uther purſues thee, and thy life requires.

„ *Nor* long be the purſuit: he cry'd,
„ I ſcorn his menace and his pride.
„ No; never ſhall fierce *Uther* tell
„ The ſon of *Owen* baſely fell,
„ Or baſely fled. Deſpiſe me, thou
„ So powerful with thy piercing eyes,
„ If, by the terror of his brow
„ Aw'd, or ſubdu'd, my truant ſpirit dies.
„ Sooner the breathing of the weſtern gale
„ Shall tear the foreſt from the ſhelter'd vale. "

Alas, lamented boy, no more
Along the lake's reſounding ſhore,
Rouz'd by the hunter's winding horn,
Wilt thou anticipate the morn:
Nor ever ſhall the vocal glade
Thy ſong at evening hour reſound.
Behold! beneath the green-wood ſhade
The red flood guſhes from his welling wound:
His hoary ſire, beſide th' untimely bier,
Bending in anguiſh, ſheds the ſilent tear.

Soft from the hill, what voice of woe
Pours on the gale her plaintive ſtrain?

Thy tears, afflicted maiden flow,
Washing thy lovely cheek in vain.
Long shall the breezes waft thy mournful ſighs
Bleeding and pale the ſon of *Owen* lies.

Ryan.

A Song.

Morpheus, the humble God, that dwells
In cottages and ſmoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I ſay, thou pow'rfull God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakefull temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

Denham

To-Morrow.

To-morrow, didſt thou ſay!
Methougth I heard Horatio ſay, To-morrow.
Go to — I will not hear of it = To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty — who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and pro=
miſes,
The currency of idiots. — Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor! — To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary regiſters of Time
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom diſclaims the word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are; and baſeleſs
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.
But ſoft, my friend — arreſt the preſent mo-
ments;
For be aſſur'd, they all errant tell-tales;
And though their flight be ſilent, and their path
Trackleſs, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They poſt to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Becauſe, though ſtation'd on th' important watch,

Thou, like a sleeping, faithleſs ſentinel,
Didſt let them paſs unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dſt on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to anſwer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt ſtand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Juſtice, who shall tell thy audit.
Then ſtay the preſent inſtant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimſom treaſures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy graſp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel faſt, until he bleſs thee.

Cotton.

Captain *Cupid.*

Erſt, in Cythera's ſacred shade
When Venus claſp'd the god of war,
The laughing loves around them play'd,
One bore the shield, and one the ſpear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
The shining baldric grac'd his breaſt,
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable creſt.

Hence oft 'to win ſome ſtubborn maid,
Still does the wanton God aſſume
The mortal air, the gay cockade,
The ſword, the shoulder-knot and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
Reſolv'd her conqueſts to maintain;
His fruitleſs art each poet try'd:
Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

Till Cupid came, a captain bold:
Of trenches and of paliſadoes
He talk'd; and many a tale he told
Of battles, and of ambuſcadoes;

How oft 'his godship had been drunk;
What melting maids he had undone;
How oft' by night had ſtorm'd a punk,
Or bravely beat a ſauſy dun.

He ſwore, drank, whor'd, ſung, dam'd with ſpirit,
And o'er each pleaſing topic ran;
'Till Phyllis ſigh'd, and own'd his merit,
The Captain's ſure a charming man.

Yet bards, on verſe let Phoebus doat,
Ye ſhepherds, leave your pipes to Pan,
Nor verſe nor pipe will Phyllis note;
The captain is the charming man.

Marriot

The Revenge of America

When fierce Piſarro's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's aweful Genius roſe,
He ſat on Andes 'topmoſt ſtone,
And heard a thouſand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To ſee huge *Plata* foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, ſtampt the ground,
To view his cities ſmoaking round.

What woes, he cry'd hath luſt of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd;
Plunderers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye ſhall meet deſtruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine ſhall riſe
Th' inſatiate fiend, pale Av'rice!
Whoſe ſteps ſhall trembling juſtice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!

I ſee all Europe's children curſt
With lucre's univerſal thirſt:
The rage that ſweeps my ſong away,
My baneful gold ſhall well repay.

Warton.

Song. *)

Adieu, fond love, farewell you wanton pow'rs,
I'm free again;
Thou dull diſeaſe of blood and idle hours,
Bewitching pain
Fly to the fools, that ſigh away their time.
My nobler love to heaven climb,
And there behold beauty ſtill young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death deſtroy;
Immortal ſweetneſs by fair angels ſung,
And honour'd by Eternity and joy:
There lives my love, thither my hopes aſpire;
Fond love declines, this heav'nly love grows higher,

*) S. The lover's progreſs, Trag. *Beaum. and Fletcher's works. V.* 395.

To a Lady ſinging a ſong of his compoſing.

Chloris, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft, that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had *Echo*, with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Waller.

Love's Relief.

A wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That hourly pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the God of wine addres'd,
The refuge of a wounded breaſt.

Vouchſafe, o pow'r thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;

Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.

Thus to the jolly God he cry'd:
And thus the jolly God reply'd:
Give whining o'er, be busk and gay,
And quaff this ſneaking form away.

With dauntleſs mien approach the fair;
The way to conquer is to dare.
The ſwain purſu'd the god's advice;
The nymph was now no longer nice.

She ſmil'd and ſpoke the ſexe's mind,
When you grow daring, we grow Kind:
Men to themſelves are moſt ſevere,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

Steele *)

*) Steele's Miſcellanies. p. 42.

The Princeſs *Elizabeth*.

A Ballad, alluding to a Story recorded of her, when she was a Priſoner at *Woodslock* 1554.

Will you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,

Each ambitious thought reſigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and ſway?

While the nymphs and ſwains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid thoſe ſcenes adieu?
Stranger to the art of malice,
Who would ever courts purſue,

Malice never taught to treſure,
Cenſure never taught to bear:
Love is all the shepherd's pleaſure;
Love is all the damſel's care.

How can they of humble ſtation
Vainly blame the pow'rs above?
Or accuſe the diſpenſation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Pow'r nor chance can theſe reſtrain;
Trueſt, nobleſt gifts of heaven!
Only pureſt on the plain!

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on ſundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt:

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near:
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion,
But the shepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail:
Cowslips all around her ſpringing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heav'n had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:

Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living,
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.

Shenſtone.

To *Matthew Prior*, Eſq.

I.

Could I, great bard, O! could I share
Thy genius as thy grief,
My healing verſe should ſooth thy care,
And timely give relief.

II.

But vain are my eſſays to ſing,
And impotent my ſtrains;
The cordials from yourſelf muſt ſpring,
That can allay your pains.

III.

On your firm heart and honeſt breaſt,
Bend your reflecting eyes;
For Socrates, by faction preſs'd,
To concious virtue flies.

IV.

Nor could philoſophy divine,
Such ſolid joys impart;
As each ſoft ſtrain, each magic line,
Of your diviner art.

V.

Then ſtring again your slacken'd lyre *)
To peaceful Anna's praiſe;
What would not innocence inſpire,
And Anna's glory raiſe?

VI.

Tho' faction all its rage oppoſe,
The pleaſing theme purſue;
They only, who were Anna's foes
Are ennemies to you.

*) Alluding to his motto under the frontiſpiece to the folio edition.

To a Lady making a Pin-Basket.

While objects of a parent's care,
With joy your fond attention share,
Madam, accept th' auſpicious ſtrain;
Nor riſe your beauteous work in vain

Oft be your ſecond race ſurvey'd
And oft a new pin-basket made.
When marriage was in all its glory
So Poets, Madam, tell the ſtory
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In heav'n a bloom ing youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
When Cupid had his Pſyché won,
And, all her deſtin'd labours done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And Mamma Venus had conſented,
At Jove's commend, and Hermes' call,
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And Gods, and Goddeſſes were dreſt,
To do them honour, in their beſt.
The little rogues now paſs'd the row,
And look'd, and mov'd I don't know how,
And, ambling hand in hand appear
Before the mighty thunderer.
Low as his throne they bent the knee;
He ſmil'd the blushing pair to ſee,
Lay'd his tremendous bolt aſide
And ſtrok'd their cheeks, and kiſs'd the bride.
Says Juno, ſince our Jove's ſo kind,
My dears, ſome preſent I muſt find.

I greateſt pleaſures, greateſt dangers,
We and the ſex were never ſtrangers;
With bounteous hand my gifts I ſpread,
Preſiding o'er the marriage-bed.
Soon, for the months are on the wing,
To you a daughter fair I bring,
And know, from this your nuptial morn
Shall Pleaſure, ſmiling babe be born.
But for the babe we muſt prepare;
That too ſhall be your Juno's care.
Apollo from his golden lyre
Shall firſt aſſiſt us with the wire;
Vulcan ſhall make the ſilver pin.
The basket thus we ſhall begin,
Where we may put the child's array,
And get it ready by the day.
The nymphs themſelves with flowers ſhall dreſs it,
Pallas ſhall weave, and I will bleſs it.

Marriott.

To the Honourable
Miſs Mountague.

All Things fair, we find are cold,
Cryſtal, Alabaſter, ſnow;

Pſyche fairer to behold,
Colder is than all, we know.

All Things precious to obtain
Toil inceſſant ever crave,
Diamonds hidden would remain,
Were it not but for the slave.

But the Cryſtal may be wrought,
And the Alabaſter cut,
Snow into a Liquid brought,
May be in a Veſſel put.

Diamonds bury'd e'er ſo deep,
May by Pains at Lenght be found,
But, who Pſyche e'er will reap,
Muſt with greater Cares abound.

Rocheſter.

A Sad Song. *)

Weep no more, nor ſigh, nor groun,
Sorrow recalls no time, that's gone:
Violets pluck'd the ſweeteſt rain
Makes not freſh, nor grow again,

Trim

Trim thy locks, look chearfully;
Fate's hidd'n ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast;
Why should sadness longer lost?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe!

*) *S. the Queen of Corinth. a Tragicomedy. Beaum. and Fletcher's Works. VI.* 232.

To a Painter. *)

Best of painters shew thy art,
Draw the charmer of my heart,
Draw her as she shines away
At the rout or at the play;
Carefully each mode express:
Woman's better part is dress

Let her cap be mighty small,
Bigger just, than none at all,
Pritty like her sense and little
Like her beauty frail and brittle.

*) Universal Magazine pag. 345.

Be her shining locks confined
In a threefold braid behind,
Let an artificial flow'r
Set the friſure off before,
Here and there, weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the fineſt ſattin.

Circling round her iv'ry neek,
Frizzle out the ſmart Vandike;
Like the neff that heretofore
Good queen Beſs's maidens wore;
Happy maidens, as we read,
Maids of honour, maids indeed.

Let her breaſt look rich and bold
With a ſtomacher of gold;
Let it keep her boſom warm,
Amply ſtretched from arm to arm;
Whimſically travers'd o'er
Here a knot and there a flow'r
Like her little heart, that dances
Full of maggots, full of fancies.

Flowing looſely down her back
Draw with art the graceful ſack;

Ornament it well with gimping
Flounces, furbelows, and crimping.
Let of ruffles many a row
Guard her elbow white as ſnow;
Knots below and knots above;
Emblems of the ties of love.

Let her hoop extended wide
Shew, what petticoats should hide,
Garters of the ſofteſt ſilk,
Stockings whiter then the milk;
Charming part of female dreſs
Did it show us more or leſs.

Let a pair of velvet shoes
Gently preſs her pretty toes
Gently preſs, and ſoftly ſqueeze
Tott'ring like the fair Chineſe,
Mounted high and bukled low
Tott'ring ev'ry ſtep they go.

Take theſe hints and do thy duty,
Fashions are the teſts of beauty:
Features vary and perplex:
Mode's the woman and the ſex.

The Challenge. A Court Ballad.

To the Tune of: „ *To all you Ladies now at Land*„"

I.

To one fair Lady out of court,
And two fair Ladies in,
Who think the Turk *) , and Pope **) ſport,
And wit and love no ſin;
Come, theſe ſoft lines, with nothing ſtiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What paſſes in the dark third row,
And what behind the ſcene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the ſwing of ſinful hack,
Where many damſels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's ſuch ado with Townshend?

*) Ulrik, the little Turk.

**) The Author.

To hear each mortal ſtamp and ſwear,
And every ſpeech with zounds end;
To hear 'em rail at honeſt Sunderland,
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland. *)
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like Meadows run to ſermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' ſtay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can diſcern,
Of courtiers 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From court, than Gay and Me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To ſup with us on milk and quiet,
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

A Leiceſter-Fields, a houſe full high,
With door all painted green,

*) Ireland.

Where ribbons wave upon the tye,
(a Milliner I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of Me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But shou'd you catch the prudish itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring ſometimes with you Lady Rich,
And ſometimes Miſtreſs Howard;
For virgins to keep chaſt muſt go
Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God ſend the king ſafe landing; *)
And make all honeſt ladies friends
To armies that are ſtanding;
Preſerve the limits of theſe nations,
And take off ladies limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

Pope.

*) This Ballad was written in the year 1717.

The Character of the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles.

Such early wisdom, such a lovely face,
Such modeſt greatneſs, ſuch attractive grace,
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, charity, and truth,
The riper ſenſe of age, the bloom of youth!
Whence is it that in one fair piece we find
Theſe various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one ſuch different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that Phoenix-ſhe.

Hughes.

Butler's Complaint againſt his pretended Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. *)

Poeta loquitur.

Again my garret-poverty is shown,
By the mean cov'ring of this Portland ſtone;
I loſe my fame as martyrs loſe their breath,
For like ſaint Stephen I am ſton'd to death.

*) Two Lines written with Charcoal upon Butter's Monument.

This Monument for Hudibras,
Erected was by John de Braſs.

Modern Converſation

a Sketch *)

„ Veluti in Speculum. „

The muffins ſpread, the tea prepar'd,
And each fair dame in order chair'd,
At the play laſt night, and juſt awake,
Mama and Miſs their breakfaſt take,
Each boſom throbs with eager haſte,
And ſcarce can ſtop their tea to taſte,
Big to recourt, with dear delight.
The news, and ſcandal of the night —
„ Well Sophy, how d'ye do my dear? „
You've caught a monſtrous cold, I fear;
How did you like the play laſt night?
Sir Harry was immenſe polite!
O dear Mama, the charming man!
With what an air he reach'd my fan!
So fine a shape, ſo ſweet a bow,
I'm half in love with him I vow!
So well engag'd, I cannot ſay
I paid attention to the play;
They ſay the plot is well enough,
But who regards ſuch ſilly ſtuff?

*) London Magazine for January 1779.

I hear the author's Sheridan,
Well he's a mighty clever man!
Like the Duenna, if its writty,
I really thinck it muſt be pretty;
Smith, King, and Palmer really shine
And Abingdon! Oh she's divine!
But pray, dear Sophy, who was that,
So meanly dreſ'd, ſo short and fat,
Who in our façes thruſt his noſe,
And with his shoes bedaub'd my clothes?
La! dear Mama! what, don't you know?
It was Miſs Simper's Margate beau,
Who was her partner all the ſeaſon;
His fortune's large, an that's the reaſon,
Why she endures the odious creature!
So like a hog in shape and feature;
They ſay he teaſes her to death;
Good lord! he has a horrid breath!
But who was that dreſs'd all in white?
So tall, and aukwardly polite,
With large blue eyes, and light brown hair,
With cheeks ſo pale, and vacant ſtare,
To whom that gentleman in red
Such very cloſe attention is paid?
That was Lucy Worthy that you ſaw,
Who lately is arrived from Spa,

Where she has been to drink the waters,
(The youngeſt of old Worthy's daughters)
I know no buſineſs she had there,
Of fortune he had none to ſpare;
I think she dreſſes much too fine,
Beſides, she ſeems in a decline;
Her father gaily liv'd away,
And died (you know) the other day,
And when his debts are paid, 'tis plain
There cannot a great deal remain;
That ſtupid fellow, ſir John Britt,
There firſt beheld the pale-fac'd chit,
And married her the other day,
Nor heeded all his friends could ſay;
Though I have heard she had a child
By that vile fellow Colonel Wild!
Though Sir John's fortune is immenſe,
I think he showd his want of ſenſe;
A low bred girl to make his wife,
And raiſe her to ſuch rank in life,
When many of ſuperior race
Could better fill the vacant place.
Pray now Mama did you remark
That very hand ſome welldreſs'd ſpark,
That ſat behind, a row or two,
With a young lady dreſs'd in blue?

At Arthur's, th' other night, at play,
More cash he loſt than he could pay;
And I am given to underſtand
Sine that he's mortgag'd all his land!
Beſides, I'm told, upon my life!
Though married to ſo ſweet a wife!
He is the verieſt brute of nature,
And keeps *incog.* a filthy creature!
Thus every day we ſee in life
Each *tonish* widow, maid or wife,
Call *Scandal* in, their mirth to aid,
Nor heed bright *candour*, gen'rous maid!
But blind to their own mental ailings,
Seek to expoſe their neigbour's failings,
And deal around their fatal breath,
Inflicting more than inſtant death!
With envious rage, and malice warm,
They ſtrive to blaſt each riſing charm,
Their tongues, with arts deteſted, teach,
To wound that worth they cannot reach.

An Epitaph on Dr. John Friend, the Phyſician, who died in 1728.

Here lie the bones of Dr. Friend
Once thought an honeſt man;

But who can tell before the end,
Tho' life is but a ſpan?

To be phyſician to a Queen
Was all his chief ambition,
Which made him quit poor Clementeen
For her who rules in Brittain.
Now mark the end of avarice and pride;
His reputation crack'd, and then he died.

On the Death of his Wife.

Take, holy earth, all that my ſoul houlds dear;
Take that beſt gift which heaven ſo lately gave:
To Briſtol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taſte the wave, *)
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does ſympathetic fear their breaſt alarm?
Speak, dead Maria, breathe a ſtrain divine,
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

*) Mrs. Maſon died at Briſtol Wells, while drinking a glaſs of the waters.

Bid them be chaſte, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if ſo fair, from vanity ſo free,
So firm in friendship, and ſo fond in love;

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Maſon.

Duraſtanti's Leave of the Stage. *)

Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land ſecure from all invaſion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the ſun?

*) The following lines were ſung by Duraſtanti when she took her leave of the English ſtage. The words were in haſte put together by Mr. Pope, at the requeſt of the Earl of Peterborrow.

Happy ſoil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be ſtill more ſhining;
All your joys be ſtill encreaſing;
All your tartes be ſtill refining;
All your jars for ever ceaſing:
But let old charmers yield to new: —
Happy ſoil, adieu, adieu!

Pope.

A Burlesque of the ſame Lines.

Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry ſometimes, allways mad,
Who lavish moſt when debts are craving,
On fool, and farce, and masquerade!
Who would not from ſuch bubbles run,
And leave ſuch bleſſings for the ſun?
Happy ſoil, and ſimple crew!
Let old ſharpers yield to new;
All your taſtes be ſtill refining;
All your nonſenſe ſtill more ſhining:
Bleſt in ſome Berenſtadt or Boſchi, *)
He more aukward, he more husky;

*) Signora Duraſtanti came over with Seneſino, to aſſiſt Handel by ſinging in the Opera, about the year 1721.

And never want, when theſe are loſt t'us,
Another Heidegger and Fauſtus. *)

Happy ſoil, and ſimple crew!
Let old sharpers yield to new!
Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!

Arbuthnot.

Berenſtadt, a caſtrato, was likewiſe engaged by Handel in the Operas. Boschi was a baſs ſinger in the ſame entertainments.

*) Heidegger was the celebrated *arbiter elegantiarum* in the time of Mr. Pope, who forgetting the defects of his own perſon has ridiculed thoſe of Heidegger in the Dunciad: „ Something betwixt a Heidegger and owl. "
Fauſtus is Mr. Rich's Pantomime of that name.

Wallender to Belinda.

A paſtoral Dialogue.*)

Thyrſis and Chloris.

He

How ſweet the day, my charmer shows!
How freedom shines through out the ſpring!

*) Univerſal Magazine.

How bloomy looks the fragrant roſe!
And feather'd lovers court and ſing.
Then come my Chloris, haſte away,
And let's like them enjoy the May.

No bands their downy joys efface
Each takes the dear he beſt approves;
Then with their plumy wings embrace:
And conſcious trees proclaim their loves;
And why should we not frisk and play,
And wanton in the joys of May.

Let us on vi'let banks retire,
And curl around with joy ſincere,
Without that clog, which damps our fire:
And love like them, nor harbour fear.
For without love, what's life's ſurvey!
Then come with me and taſte the May.

She.

Thy pleaſing form, deluſive ſnare,
Thirſis, you too well improve,
But Virtue lays, beware, beware;
For Chloe fell, undone by love.
Thus reaſon bids me not obey
Tho ſmiling love ſays, taſte the May.

What joys in wedlock should we prove;
For on your breaſt I'd lean with bliſs,
With purity expreſs my love
And fondly give and take a kiſs.
For joys on joys should bleſs each day,
And winter prove with thee like May.

What joy I'd show, whene'er you came
Your care relieve with ſweet embrace!
The little child should lisp your name,
And hold its hand, to ſtroak your face.
Thus wedlock laſting joys diſplay,
But wanton love concludes with May.

He.

Pshah! foolish, lovely, cruel maid,
Cruel to both our joys defeat;
Nature's free laws should be obey'd:
And who'd forſake a girl ſo ſweet?
Then let us nimbly trip away
With flow'rs I'll crown you queen of May.

She.

Virtue and wisdom both declare
Should I conſent, I'm quite undone;
But would the yoke my Thyrſis bear
I'd then be yours; — but elſe be gone

Then would I love without dismay
Dear gentle Thyrſis, prince of May.

He.

To loſe my freedom — or my fair,
O heav'n, how hard's the doubtful choice! —
I feel the god with golden hair,
O'erpow'r my weaker reaſon's voice.
Then haſte, my charmer, let's away
We'll trip to church — then taſte of May.

She.

Ye fair ne'er truſt the youth you love
For he'll comply, if he is good;
But, if he won't, — then let him rove:
And ſcorn the youth who dares be rude.

Both

Now, without fear, will frisk and play
And wanton in the flow'ry May.

Epitaph.

Near this place ly the bodies of
John Hewet and Mary Drew,
An induſtrious young Man
And Virtuous Maiden of this Parish;
Who being at Harveſt Work
(With ſeveral others)

Were in one inſtand killed by Lightning
the laſt day July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment ſeiz'd,
A Pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire.
Live well and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis Juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave,
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Pope. *)

*) On the ſame ſubject by Pope and Gay.

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the Victims ſeiz'd.

Parody.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll ſay, what's that to you?

Believe me, friend, much may be ſaid
On that poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they ſhould have married;
But ſee how oddly things are carried!
On Thurſday laſt it rain'd and lighten'd,
Theſe tender loves ſadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
In hopes to paſs the time away.
But the *Bold Thunder* found them out
(Commiſſion'd for that end no doubt)
And ſeizing on their trembling breath,
Conſign'd them to the ſhades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they ſeen the next year's ſun,
A beaten wife and cuckold ſwain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their Tomb.

M. W. Montague.

An Epiſtle
from a Swiſs Officer to his Friend at Rome.

From horrid mountains ever hid in ſnow
And barren lands, and dreary plains below;

To you, dear Sir, my beſt regards I ſend,
The weakeſt reaſoner, as the trueſt friend,
Your arguments, that vainly ſtrive to pleaſe,
Your arts, your country, and your palaces;
What ſigns of Roman grandeur ſtill remain —
Much you have ſaid; and much have ſaid in vain,
Fine pageants theſe for slaves, to pleaſe the eye;
And put the neateſt dreſs on miſery!
Bred up to slav'ry and diſſembled pain,
Unhappy man! you triffle with your chain:
But should your friend with your deſires comply,
And ſell himſelf to Rome and Slav'ry;
He could not wear his trammels with that art,
Or hide the noble anguish of his heart:
You'd ſoon repent the livery that you gave;
For, truſt me, I should make an aukward slave.
Falſely you blame our barren rocks and plains,
Happy in freedom and laborious ſwains:
Our peaſants chearful to the field repair,
And can enjoy the labours of the year
Whilſt yours, beneath ſome tree, with mournful eyes,
Sees for his haughty lord his harveſt riſe:
Then ſilent ſighs: but ſtops his slavish breath:
He ſilent ſighs: for should he ſpeak, 'tis death.

Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,
Too much for want, for luxury too ſmall:
Whilſt all Campania's rich inviting ſoil
Scarce knops the ploughshare, or the reaper's toil.
In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,
And aim aright the thunder of the war;
To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow;
To ward the ſtroke, or bear upon the foe.
Early in hardships trough the woods they fly,
Nor feel the piercing froſt, or wintry sky;
Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,
And ſtretch the panting ſavage at their feet:
Inur'd by this, they ſeek a nobler war,
And shew an honeſt pride in every ſcar;
Whit joy the danger and the blood partake,
Whilſt every wound is for their country's ſake,
But you, ſoft warriors, forc'd into the field,
Or faintly ſtrike, or impotently yield;
For well this univerſal truth you know,
Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.
I envy not your arts, the Roman ſchools,
Improv'd, perhaps, but to inslave your ſouls.
May you to ſtone, or nerves or beauty give,
And teach the ſoft'ning marble how to live;
May you the paſſions in your colours trace,
And work up every piece with every grace;

In airs and attitudes be wond'rous wiſe,
And know the arts to pleaſe, or to ſurpriſe;
In muſic's ſofteſt ſound conſume the day,
Sounds that would meet the warrior's ſoul away:
Vain efforts theſe, an honeſt fame to raiſe;
Your painters, and your eunuchs, be your praiſe:
Grant us more real goods, you heav'nly pow'rs!
Virtue, and arms, and liberty be ours.
Weak are your offers to the free and brave;
No bribe can purchaſe me to be a ſlave
Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,
The happy bounds of our Helvetian ſwains!
In thee, my country, will I fix my ſeat;
Nor envy the poor wretch, that would be great:
My life and arms I dedicate to thee; —
For, know, it is my int'reſt to be free.

Epigram.

On *Quin's* comparing *Garrick* to *Whitefield*, and ſaying, the People, that were madding after him, would return to the old churchmeaning himſelf.

Pope Quin, who dames all churches but his own,
Complains that hereſy misleads the town;

That Whitefield Garrick does corrupt the age,
And taints the ſound religion of the ſtage.
Thou great infallible! forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and error's are rever'd no more;
Where doctrines meet with gen'ral approbation,
It is not hereſy, but reformation.

Garrick.

To Cloris.

Cloris, I cannot ſay your eyes
Did my unwary heart ſurpriſe;
Nor will I ſwear it was your face,
Your ſhape, or any nameleſs grace:
For you are ſo entirely fair,
To love a part injuſtice were:
No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his laſt breath did ſtop:
So when the ſtars in heav'n appear,
And join to make she light look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift all.
He that does lips or hands adore,
Deſerves them only and no more;
But I love all, and ev'ry part,
And nothing leſs can eaſe my heart;

Cupid that lover weakly ſtrikes,
Who can expreſs what 'tis he likes.

Sedley.

The Suicide,
An Ode.

Beneath the beech, whoſe branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whiſtle hollow as the wave,
Within a ſolitary grave,
A wretched ſuicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp miſts involv'd the ſcloling skies,
And dimm'd the ſtroggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
You rush-grown moor with ſable waves,
Full of the dark reſolve he took his ſullen way.

I mark'd his deſultory pace
His geſtures ſtrange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd ſound;
And ah! too late aghaſt I view'd

The recking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light,
And fought the powers of sleep,
To ſpread a momentary calm
O'er his ſad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to ſteep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endleſs noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood,
Oft was he wont, in haſty fit,
Abrupt the ſocial board to quit
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Deſpair for ever in his view,
A ſpectre pale appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve aroſe,
And brought the day's unwelcome cloſe,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd

„ Is this, miſtaken ſcorn will cry,
Is this the youth, whoſe genius high

„ Could build the genuine rime?
„ Whoſe boſom mild the favourite muſe
„ Had ſtor'd with all her ample views,
„ Parent of faireſt deeds, and purpoſes ſublime?"

Ah from the muſe that boſom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To ſtrike the deathful blow;
She fill'd his ſoft ingenious mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful ſenſe of
woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp ſtings of hopeleſs love,
To griefs cogenial prone,
More wounds, than nature gave, he knew,
While miſery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew;
Nor oh! forbid the twiſted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With ſpring's green-ſwelling buds to vegetate
anew.

What though nor marble-piled buſt
Adorn his deſolated duſt,
With ſpeaking ſculpture wrought?
Pity ſhall woo the weeping nine,
To build a viſionary ſhrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chantred rite
Here viewleſs mourners ſhall delight
To touch the ſhadowy ſhell;
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, loſt in early bloom,
In melancholy tones ſhall ring his penſive knell.

To ſoothe a lone, unhallow'd ſhade,
This votive dirge ſad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook;
Sudden the half-ſunk orb of day
More radiant ſhot his parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took:

„ Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praiſe;
„ Nor thus for guilt in ſpecious lays
„ The wreath of glory twine,

„ In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
„ Gay fancy gives her veſt to flow,
„ Unleſs truth's matron-hand the floating folds
„ confine.

„ Juſt heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
„ Permits through life at large to rove,
„ The tribes of hell-born woe;
„ Yet the ſame power, that wiſely ſends
„ Life's fierceſt ills, indulgent lends
„ Religion's golden shield to break th' imbattled foe.

„ Her aid divine had lull'd to reſt
„ Yon foul ſelf-murtherer's throbbing breaſt,
„ And ſtay'd the riſing ſtorm;
„ Had bade the ſun of hope appear,
„ To gild the darken'd hemiſphere
„ And give the wonted bloom to nature's blaſted
„ form:

„ Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative
„ To take, what firſt it deign'd to give,
„ Thy tributary breath;
„ In awful expectation plac'd,
„ Await thy doom, nor impious haſte

„ To pluck from God's right hand his inſtruments
„ of death. "
Warton.

Epilogue

to the Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter, by Sir G. *Etherege*. 1676.

Muſt modern wits ſuch monſtruous fools have shown,
They ſeem not of heav'n's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous Harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;
And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company;
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travell'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graft upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and punish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o'th' ſhire, and repreſents ye all.

From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows,
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.
His ſword-kot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
'Till he with full *decorum* brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs (the ladies dear delight)
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

Dryden.

On Chriſtmas.

O bleſſed ſeaſon! lov'd by Saints, and Sinners,
For long devotions, or for longer dinners;
More grateful ſtill to thoſe, who deal in books;
Now not with readers, but with paſtry cooks;

Learn'd works, deſpisd by thoſe to merit blind,
By theſe well weigh'd, their certain merit find:
Bleſs'd lot of paper falſely called waſte,
To bear thoſe cates, which authors ſeldom taſte!

Modern Marriage

Or, young Derby, &c. a new Song *)

to the tune of Old Derby, and Joan, occaſioned by a late Elopement.

Young Derby and Betty his wife,
The quality ape to a wonder;
He phlegmatick - she full of life
Were happieſt always aſunder.

Together they never were ſeen,
At wake, or where others reſort;
But ſoon as he croſſes the green,
She flies to her jimkets and ſport.

Their hatred encreas'd ev'ry day,
They jangled and quarell'd like mad;
At laſt t'wixt his sheets she'd not lay,
But with a fam'd poacher was bad.

With

*) London Magazine for the year 1778. p. 603.

With Doll, then, of Kind ones the flow'r,
He lavish'd his treaſure good ſtore;
While Betty with her *paramour*
Spent him merrily twice as much more.

As a candle which burns at both ends,
Its ſubſtance is melted apace;
Regret ſtill imprudence attends,
When want shows her hideous face.

All the country cry shame on their crimes,
Which repentance can only atone;
Such the wedlock of fine modern times!
How unlike good old Derby and Joan!

Sonnet.

I know, that all beneath the moon decays;
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In times great period shall return to nought;
That faireſt ſtates have fatal nights and days;

I know, that all the muſes heavenly lays,
With toil of ſpirit which are ſo dearly bought,
As idle ſounds, of few or none are ſought,
That there is nothing lighter, than vain praiſe;

I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is, of minds accords,

Where ſenſe and will bring under reaſon's power:
Know what I liſt; all this cannot me move,
But, that alas! I both muſt write and love.

W. Drummond Eſq. *)

*) Will. Drummond of Hawthornden, Eſq. dwas a famous ſcotch poet and hiſtorian who lived under Charles I, and died 1649. in the ſame year, when the king was beheaded. He is author of the hiſtory of the Five James's ſucceſſively kings of Scotland, which is very much eſteemed. S. *Cibber's life of the Poets. l.* 302. 312.

A Letter to the Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, when a Child.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my firſt epiſtle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and cloſe of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven.

In double beauty ſay your prayer:
Our Father firſt, — then *Notre Pere*:
And, deareſt child, along the day,
In every thing you do and ſay,
Obey and pleaſe my Lord and Lady,
So God ſhall love, and angels aid ye.
If to theſe precepts you attend,
No ſecond letter need I ſend,
And ſo I reſt your conſtant friend.

Prior.

Song. *)

Away, delights, go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I muſt die:
Farewell, falſe love, thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after lye.
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts;
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts,
That have been hard to thee; mine was not ſo.

Never again deluding love ſhall know me,
For I will die;

*) S. The Captain. a Com. *Beaumont's and Fletcher's Works, VI, 53.*

And all thoſe griefs, that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I.
For ever will I ſleep, while poor maids cry;
Alas, for pity ſtay,
And let us die
With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay.

A Parſon's Reſolution.

God proſper long our noble king,
Our lives, and our fortunes all,
A woeful preachment once there did
In Mamble church befall.

I preached, all the live-long day,
Repentance to a ſinner;
But I'll preach there no more, I ſwear,
For they gave me no dinner.

An Aenigma.

I' am your domeſtic ſlave, pray don't abuſe me
And then you are welcome any time to uſe me
But firſt prepare me food, for I muſt tell ye
I'll not be uſed; before you fill my belly.
Harmleſs and fair, I come from flames of fire
To kiſs the lips of them, who me deſire.

You'll ſee the buſy youngſter often try
A game with me in public company;
But, e're we're to it long, he'll run quite from it
And ſwear, I've cauſed him both to purge and vomit:
A Lilliputian throng aſſume my name
And from the womb of earth alike we came;
Tho' they on empty blockheads oftimes wait.
While I attend the noble and the great.
When you're alone, I'll yield you recreation
Or give your thoughts a turn for invitation;
There's one thing more I'll tell before lead
I'am pot companion to my worthy friend.

Robert Catchpole.

O d e.

For his Majeſty's Birth-day. June 4. 1783.

At length the troubled waters reſt,
And ſhadowing ocean's calmer breaſt,
Exulting Commerce ſpreads her woven wings:
Free as the winds that waft them o'er,
Her iſſuing veſſels glide from ſhore to ſhore,
And in the bending ſhrouds the careleſs ſcaboys ſings.

Is Peace a bleſſing? — Ask the mind
That glows with love of human kind,

That knows no guile, no partial weakneſs knows,
Contracted to a narrow ſphere
The world, the world at large is umpire here,
They feel, and they enjoy, the bleſſingspeace beſtows.

Then oh! what bliſs his boſom shares,
Who, conſcious of ingenious worth,
Can nobly ſcorn inferior cares,
And ſend the generous edict forth;
To diſtant ſighs of modeſt woe
Can lend a pitying liſtning ear,
Nor the meaneſt ſorrows flow
Without a ſympathiſing tear.

Tho' rapine with her ſacky train
Rove wide and wild o'er earth and main,
In act to ſtrike, tho' slaughter cleave the air,
At this command they drop the ſword,
And in their mid—way courſe his potent word
Arreſts the shafts of death, of terror, of deſpair.

When thoſe who have the power to bleſs
Are readieſt to relieve diſtreſs,
When private virtues dignify a crown,
The genuine ſons of freedom feel
A duty which tranſcends a ſubject's zeal,

And dread the man's reproach more than the monarch's frown.

Then to this day be honours paid
The world's proud conqu'rors never knew;
Their laurels shrink, their glories fade,
Expos'd to reaſon's ſober view.
But reaſon, juſtice, truth, rejoice,
When discord's baneful triumphs ceaſe,
And hail with one united voice
The friend of man, the friend of peace.

Whitehead.

A New Ballad. *)

Young Collin fought to win my heart,
And woo'd as lovers woo;
I vers'd in all our ſex's art
Did juſt as maidens do.
What e'er he'd ſigh, what e'er he'd vow
I'd ſtudy to be shy at.
And when he preſs'd his fate to know,
Twas pretty fool! be quiet.

*) Univerſal magazine.

Month after month, of amorous pain
He made a mighty fus;
Why if, you know, one loves a ſwain
'Tis wrong to ſay, one does.
He told me paſſion could not live
Without more pleaſing diet,
And pray what anſwer could I give,
But prithee, fool, be quiet.

At lenght he made a bold eſſay,
And like a man he cried,
Thy hand, my dear! this very day
Shall Celia be my bride!
Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me ſtill,
I could not well deny it;
And now; believe me, when I will,
I make the fool be quiet.

Ut Pictura Poeſis.

As once the Muſe reclining on her lyre,
Obſerv'd her fav'rite bards, a num'rous choir,
The conſcious pleaſure ſwell'd her ſilent breaſt,
Her ſecret pride exulting ſmiles confeſt.

When thus her ſiſter ſpoke, whoſe care preſides
O'er the mixt pallat, and the pencil guides:
Juſt, Goddeſs, is the joy, thy train, we own,
Approaches neareſt to Apollo's throne.
Foremoſt in Learning's ranks they ſit ſublime
Honour'd and lov'd through every age of time.
Yet let me ſay, ſome fav'rite ſon of mine
Has more than follow'd every ſon of thine.
Thy Homer weeds not grieve to hear his fame
Exceeds not Raphael's widely-honour'd name.
Raphael like him' midſt ages wrapt in night,
Roſe father of his ſcience to the light;
With matchleſs grace, and majeſty divine,
Bade Painting breathe, and live the bold deſign;
To the clay-man the heavenly fire apply'd,
And gave it charms to Nature's ſelf deny'd.

With judgment, genius, induſtry, and art,
Does Virgil captivate his reader's heart?
With rival talents my Caracci bleſt,
Fires with like tranſport the ſpectator's breaſt.
The youthful Lucan, who with rapid force
Urg'd by Pharſalia's field the Muſe's horſe,
An equal fire, an equal ſtrenght of mind,
In Angelo's congenial ſoul will find:
Whoſe wild imagination could diſplay
Fierce giants hurl'd from heaven — the world's laſt day.

With more ſucceſs does tender Ovid move
The melting ſoul to ſoftneſs and to love,
Than wanton Titian, whoſe warm colours ſhew
That gods themſelves the amorous riot know?
Thy grandeur, Paulo, and thy happy ſtroke,
I proudly own my emulation ſpoke,
For I beſtow'd them, that the world might ſee,
A Horace too of mine ariſe in thee.

Lo! where Pouſſin his magic colours ſpreads,
Riſe tower'd towns, rough rocks, and flow'ry meads;
What leagues between thoſe azure mountains lie,
(Whoſe leſs'ning tops invade the purple ſky)
And this old oak, that ſhades this hollow way,
Amidſt whoſe windings ſheep and oxen ſtray!
'Tis thus Theocritus his landſkip gives,
'Tis thus the ſpeaking picture moves and lives.

Alike in Terence and in Guido's air,
Our praiſe the height of art and nature ſhare.
In broader mirth if Plautus tread the ſtage,
With equal humour Hemskirk's boors engage.

She ſpoke, with friendly emulation ſtirr'd,
And Phoebus from his throne with pleaſure heard.'

Nourſe.

Epigram.

A Bishop by his neighbours hated
Has cauſe to wish himſelf translated:
But why should Hough desire translation,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's caſe,
I'll lay my life, I know the place;
'Tis where God ſent ſome that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

Swift.

The Miſtake. *)

„'Twas at her villa, near the town,
„ One evening in May; "
Reclin'd in yonder roſy bow'r
Belinda a slumb'ring lay: —
Around the fair, the flow'rets bloom'd,
And wanton Zephyrs ſtray'd;
Whilſt, by her ſide, her gentle Pug,
With mimick wildneſs play'd.
But pugs are falſe (and ſo are Men)
We find, alas! 'tis true;

*) London Magazine for July 1779. pag. 328.

A tabby cat, by chance came by
Of beautous orange hue.
Poor pug, inflam'd with eager love,
The flying gueſt purſued;
Thro' hedge, thro' brake, ſtill kept in ſight;
And ſcal'd the diſtant wood.
Belinda wak'd — her monkey gone!
With ſhrieks ſhe rends the ſkies;
The guardian goddeſs with her doves,
To her aſſiſtance flies.
The diſmal tale was quickly heard;
Her cupids ſent to roam,
Thro' ev'ry mead, thro' ev'ry grove,
And bring the wand'rer home.
With eager haſte from place to place
The little rovers ſcout;
But vain the ſearch; or here, or there,
They cou'd not find him out.
Cries one (the ſlyeſt of the pack)
„ To London let us haſte;
„ Perhaps the knave has hither fled,
„ Some new delight to taſte."
How, to Hyde Park they wing their way,
Alighting in a band;
A macaroni, alamode,
With doxy in his hand,

Juſt ſeated on a bench, hard by,
Engag'd their watchful eyes;
„ 'Tis he! — 'tis he! — his ſhape! — his air!"
Their ſquinting leader cries.
Around his neck, his arms, his legs,
The ſtrongeſt cords they threw?
In vain he begs, in vain he ſtrives
Away they quickly flew.
And ſoon they reach'd the ſhady bow'r,
Where ſigh'd the wretched maid:
Exulting joy each boſom fir'd;
While thus Dan Cupid ſaid;
„ Behold, fair nymph, thy faithleſs ſlave;
„ He to Hyde Park had fled; " —
Venus perceives the ſad miſtake,
And, frowning, hung her head.
Juſt at that inſtant, from the wood,
(To eaſe their anxious fears)
Attended by his tabby friend,
The real pug appears!
Fair Venus ſmil'd; — Belinda too,
With conſcious joy elated,
The macaroni ſtraight dismiſs'd,
And pug was re — inſtated.

Candour. *)

The warmeſt friend, I ever prov'd,
My bittereſt foe I ſee;
The kindeſt maid, I ever lov'd,
Is falſe to love and me.

But shall I make the angry vow,
Which tempts my wavering mind?
Shall dark ſuſpicion cloud my brow,
And bid me shun mankind?

Avaunt, thou hell-born fiend! no more
Pretend my ſteps to guide;
Let me be cheated o'er and o'er
But let me ſtill confide.

If this be folly, all my claim
To wisdom I reſign;
But let no ſage preſume, to name
His happineſs with mine.

*) Univ. Muſeum. Jul. 1765.

To a Coquet Beauty.

From wars and plagues come no ſuch harms,
As from a nymph ſo full of charms;
So much ſweetneſs in her face,
In her motions ſuch a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a ſoft enchantment lies;
That we pleaſe ourſelves too ſoon,
And are with empty hopes undone.

After all her ſoftneſs, we
Are but ſlaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas! from all deſire,
Except to ſet the world on fire.

Thou, fair diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thyſelf, as well as us.
Like a reſtleſs monarch, thou
Would'ſt rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But truſt me, *Celia*, truſt me, when
Apollo's ſelf inſpires my pen;
One hour of love's delights outweighs
Whole years of univerſal praiſe;

And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crouds refus'd.

For what does youth and beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your ſex deſerve?
Why ſuch ſoft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loſs you nothing gain:
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

Sheffield Duke of *Buckingham.*

A True Maid.

Ten Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed',
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed:
She warbled her Groans with ſo charming a Voice,
That one half of the Parish was ſtun'd with the noiſe,
But when *Florimel* deing'd to lie privately in,
Ten Months before she and her Spouſe were a-kin:
She choſe with ſuch Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurſe, nay her Midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half ſuch a Tumult, as Wives.

Prior.

Ode

O d e.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairyhands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf, that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Collins.

E p i g r a m.

On a beautiful Youth struck blind by lightening.

Imitated from the Spanish.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he shou'd be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus fate.

Goldsmith.

Song.

I.

Unleſs with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
Without my love there is no ſpring.

Thompſon.

On his Wife's Boſom.

Open, open, lovely Breaſt,
Lull my weary head to reſt:
Soft and warm, and ſweet and fair,
Balmy antidote of care?
Fragrant ſource of ſure delight,
Downy couch of welcome night,
Ornament of riſing day,
Always conſtant, always gay!
In this gentle, calm retreat,
All the train of Graces meet;

Truth, and Innocence, and Love,
From this temple ne'er remove.
Sacred Vertue's worthieſt shrine,
Art thou here, and art thou mine?
Wonder, gratitude, and joy,
Bleſt viciſſitude, employ
Every moment, every thought:
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous Breaſt,
Angels here might ſeek their reſt.

Caeſar, fill thy shining throne,
A nobler ſeat I call my own.
Here I reign with boundleſs ſway,
Here I triumph night and day;
Spacious empire! glorious pow'r!
Mine of inexhauſted ſtore!

Let the wretched love to roam,
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open, balmy Breaſt,
Into raptures waken reſt.

Doddridge.

Dr. Winter's Queſtions to Dr. Cheney.

Tell me from what fat-headed Sot
Thou didſt thy ſyſtem learn:
From Hippocrate thou hadſt it not,
From Celſus nor Pitcairn.

Suppoſe we own that milk is good,
And ſay the ſame of graſs;
The one for babes is proper food,
The other for an aſs.

Doctor, this new preſcription try;
A friend's advice forgive:
Eat graſs, reduce thy head, or die,
They patients then may live.

Dr. Cheney's Anſwer.

My ſyſtem, Doctor, 'all my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myſelf alone,
But yours your deareſt friend.

Were you to milk and ſtraw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from that wit get free.

I can't your kind preſcription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural that you bid me die,
That you yourſelf may live.

On Good-Humour.

Written at Eton-Shool.

Tell me, ye ſons of Phoebus, what is this
Which all admiſe, but few, too few, poſſeſs?
A vitue 'tis, to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who ſpy all faults except their own,
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Tho' knaves abuſe it, and, like fools, deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtion; for in all you pleaſe;
Yet ſure Good-Nature is the nobleſt praiſe!
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move;
For none can envy him whom all moſt love.
This magic pow'r can make e'en Folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace
And ſweetens ev'ry charm in Caelia's face.

Lyttleton.

The Little Girl.
A Song

I've heard, when down the maiden's cheek
The cryſtal tears are falling,
And ſobs prevent the tongue to ſpeak,
The heart is paſt recalling;
That Cupid then, at every moan,
Will bolder grow, and bolder;
Yet this I can but gueſs alone,
Till I'm a little older - no!
Till I am a little older.

That then she'll languish, pine and weep
Till she her pain diſcover,
And not a ſingle inſtant keep
At diſtance from a lover;
Nor ever feel a moment's eaſe,
Till in his arms he fold her;
But this I may do more than gueſs,
When I'm a little older - ſure!
When I'm a little older.

The End of the third Volume.

Index to the third Volume,

CCLXXVI.

Ode on the Death of Mr. Pelham by *Garrick.* 3

CCLXXVII. To Lady Jane Wharton on her ſtudying the Globe by *Rowe.* - - - 8

CCLXXVIII. The Flowers of the Foreſt, an old Scotch Song on the battle of Floddon. 9

CCLXXIX. The Wawking of the fauld, by *Allan Ramſay.* - - - - - - 13

CCLXXX. The Father's Advice to his Son. by *Cooper.* - - - - - - - - 15

CCLXXXI. The female Phaeton, by *Prior.* - 20

CCLXXXII. To Stella, who collected and tranſcribed his poems, by *Swift.* - - 22

CCLXXXIII. On a lame beggar. - - - 27

CCLXXXIV. The Gift to Iris, by *Goldsmith.* 28

CCLXXXV. The Farewell, by *Carter.* - - 29

CCLXXXVI. Jealouſy, by *Dryden.* - - 31

CCLXXXVII. The empty Purſe, by *Woty.* - 32

CCLXXXVIII. Epiſtle to Henrietta Dutcheſs of Marlborough, by *Gay.* - - - 34

CCLXXXIX. The Bard, an Ode, by *Gray.* - 37

CCXC. Song, by *** - - - - - 46

CCXCI. The Hermit, by *Parnell.* - - 47

CCXCII The Toper, a Song, by *Sedley*. - 57
CCXCIII. Solitude, by *Grainger*. - - - 58
CCXCIV. On a meſſage-Card in verſe, ſent by a Lady, by *Whitehead*. - - - 68
CCXCV. On the ſpring, by *Gray*. - - 70
CCXCVI. A Lover's Anger, by *Prior*. - - 72
CCXCVII. Verſes, written on a Blank - leaf, when he preſented his works to the Queen, by *Lansdowne*. - - - 73
CCXCVIII. Verſes, written by a Gentleman on finding an urn. - - - - - 74
CCXCIX. The Tears of Scotland, by Dr. *Smollet*. - - - - - - - 76
CCC. An Epigram on the Rev. Mr. Laurence Echard's and Bishop Gilbert Burnet's Hiſtories, by *Green*. - - - - 79
CCCI. On Wisdom, by *William Thompſon*. - 79
CCCII. Love will find out the way. - - 83
CCCIII. To the Nigthingale, by *Milton*. - 84
CCCIV. Elegy on the death of Mr. Addiſon, by *Tickell*. - - - - - - 86
CCCV. The Youth and the Philoſopher, a Fable, by *Whitehead*. - - - - 90
CCCVI. Theodore King's of Corſica Epitaph. - 92
CCCVII. On the monumental buſt of Butler, the Author of Hudibras. - - - 93

CCCVIII. The Power of Abſence, by *Ryan*. - 93
CCCIX. Stanzas on a young Lady, who ſung finely, but was afraid of a Cold, by *Roscommon*. - - - - - 95
CCCX. The Lover's will, by *Sedley*. - - 96
CCCXI. A weſtern wonder, by *Denham*. - 97
CCCXII. A ſecond weſtern wonder, by *Denham* 99
CCCXIII. To Flavia, by *Lansdowne*. - - 100
CCCXIV. The Equivocation, a tale by *Gay*. - 101
CCCXV. On the marriage of the Dwarfs, by *Waller*. - - - - - - 103
CCCXVI. Bacchus, or the Vines of Lesbos, by *Parnell*. - - - - - - 104
CCCXVII. On Shakeſpear. 1630. by *Milton*. - 107
CCCXVIII. Women, by *Lansdowne*. - - 108
CCCXIX. Upon the Death of the LordProtector, by *Waller*. - - - - - - 108
CCCXX. Zephyr and Jonquil a Fable. - - 110
CCCXXI. A Farewell to London, by *Pope*. - 111
CCCXXII. Of Benevolence, an Epiſtle, by *Armſtrong*. - - - - - - - 113
CCCXXIII. Pudding, by *Woty* - - - 120
CCCXXIV. Hymn to Induſtry, by *Ryan*. - 121
CCCXXV. Elegy by Mr. *Alley*. - - - 125

CCCXXVI. Prologue, ſpoken at the opening of the new houſe, March 26. 1674. by *Dryden.* - - - - - - 129
CCCXXVII. Stella at Wood-park, by *Swift.* 131
CCCXXVIII. The Man after the preſent taſte, by *Thompſon.* - - - - - - 135
CCCXXIX. On the power of Love. - - - 136
CCCXXX. Verſes on the Death of Dr. Swift. 139
CCCXXXI. Song. - - - - - - - 156
CCCXXXII. To the Laſſes, by *Thompſon.* - 157
CCCXXXIII. The Negro's Dying Speech, on his being executed for rebellion in the Iſland of Jaimaica, by *B. E, Eſq.* - 158
CCCXXXIV. An Epilogue, by *Dryden.* - 160
CCCXXXV. Pleaſure, a viſion, by Dr. *Cotton.* 162
CCCXXXVI. A Recipe, to make a man of conſequence, by William *Woty.* - - 169
CCCXXXVII. Verſes written in a garden, by Lady *M. W. Montague.* - - - - 169
CCCXXXVIII. An Epiſtle to Mr. Gay, by *Garth.* - - - - - - - - - 170
CCCXXXIX. An Epiſtle to Dr. Coward, by *Gay.* 171
CCCXL. Song, by *Phillips.* - - - - - 172
CCCXLI. The Shepherd and the Philoſopher, by *Gay.* - - - - - - - 173
CCCXLII. The Link, a Ballad, by *Lowth.* - 177

CCCXLIII. Inſcription for the neglected column in the palace of St. Mark at Florence, by Horace *Walpole*, *Eſq.* - - - 179

CCCXLIV. Suſannah and the two Elders, by *Prior and Cobb.* - - - - - - 182

CCCXLV. Come away Death, a Song, by *Shakeſpeare.* - - - - - - 183

CCCXLVI. The Journal of a modern Lady, by *Swift.* - - - - - - - 184

CCCXLVII. Ode to Sleep, by *Cartwright.* - 196

CCCXLVIII. Advice to the old Beaux, by *Sedley.* 197

CCCXLIX. To a Lady, on the death of a favourite Bullfinch. - - - - - 198

CCCL. In the Honour and Glory of God Cupid, a Song, by *Thompſon.* - - 200

CCCLI. On Miſs Harriet Hanbury at ſix years old, an Ode by Sir *Charles Hanbury Williams.* - - - - - - - 201

CCCLII. The Shepherd's invitation, by *Chriſtopher Marloe.* - - - - - - 202

CCCLIII. The Nymph's anſwer, by Sir *Walter Raleigh.* - - - - - - - 204

CCCLIV. The Relief, by *Granville Lord Lansdowne.* - - - - - - - 206

CCCLV. Epilogue to Mithridates, King of Pontus, by *Dryden.* - - - - - - 206

CCCLVI. Ode to Poetry, by *William Woty.* 207
CCCLVII. The unfortunate Concubine, or Roſa-
mond's overthrow. - - - - 210
CCCLVIII. To a Lady, with ſome painted flo-
wers, by *Aikin.* - - - - - 219
CCCLIX. Epiſtle to the Right Honourable Paul
Methuen Eſq. by *Gay.* - - - 220
CCCLX. Uther and the Son of Owen, an Ode,
by *Ryan.* - - - - - - - 224
CCCLXI. A Song, by *J. Denham.* - - - 226
CCCLXII. To Morrow, by Dr. *Cotton.* - 227
CCCLXIII. Captain Cupid, by Mr. *Marriot.* - 228
CCCLXIV. The Revenge of America, by *War-*
ton. - - - - - - - 230
CCCLXV. Song. - - - - - - 231
CCCLXVI. To a Lady, ſinging a Song of his
compoſing, by *Waller.* - - - 232
CCCLXVII. Love's Relief. - - - - - 233
CCCLXVIII. The Princeſs Eliſabeth, a Ballad,
by *Shenſtone.* - - - - - - 233
CCCLXIX. To Mathew Prior, Eſq. - - 236
CCCLXX. To a Lady, making a Pin-basket,
by *Marriot.* - - - - - - 237
CCCLXXI. To the Honourable Miſs Mounta-
gue, by *Rocheſter,* - - - - 239
CCCLXXII. A ſad Song. - - - - 240

CCCLXXIII. To a Painter. - - - - 141
CCCLXXIV. The Chalenge, a Court Ballad,
by *Pope*. - - - - - - 244
CCCLXXV. The character of the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, by Mr. *Hughes*. 247
CCCLXXVI. Butler's complaint againſt his pretended monument in Weſtminſter Abbey 247
CCCLXXVII. Modern converſation, à Sketch. 248
CCCLXXVIII. An Epitaph on Dr. John Friend, the Phyſician. - - - - - 251
CCCLXXIX. On the death of his Wife, by *Maſon*. - - - - - - - 252
CCCLXXX. Lines, ſung by Duraſtanti, when ſhe took her leave of the english ſtage, by *Pope*. - - - - - - 253
CCCLXXXI. A Burlesque of the ſame lines, by Dr. *Arbuthnot*. - - - - 254
CCCLXXXII. Wallender to Belinda, a paſtoral Dialogue. - - - - - 255
CCCLXXXIII. Epitaph, by *Pope* and *Gay* with Montague's Parody. - - - - 258
CCCLXXXIV. Epiſtle from a Swiss Officer to his friend at Rome. - - - - 260
CCCLXXXV. On Quin's comparing Garrick to Whitefield, by *Garrick*. - - - 263
CCCLXXXV. To Cloris, by *Sedley*. - - 264

CCCLXXXVII. The Suicide, an Ode by *Warton.* - - - - - - - 265
CCCLXXXVIII. Epilogue to the Man of Mode, by *Dryden.* - - - - - 270
CCCLXXXIX. On Chriſtmas. - - - 271
CCCXC. Modern Marriage, a new Song. - 272
CCCXCI. Sonnet, by *W. Drummond* Eſq. - 273
CCCXCII. A Letter to the Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, when a child, by *Prior.* - - - - - - 274
CCCXCIII. Song. - - - - - 275
CCCXCIV. A Parſon's Reſolution. - - 276
CCCXCV. An Aenigma, by Robert *Catchpole.* 276
CCCXCVI. Ode for his Majeſty's Birth-day, by W. *Whitehead* Eſq. - - - 277
CCCXCVII. A new Ballad. - - - - 279
CCCXCVIII. Ut pictura Poeſis, by Mr. *Nourſe.* - 280
CCCXCIX. Epigram, by *Swift.* - - - 283
CCCC. The Miſtake. - - - - - 283
CCCCI. Candour. - - - - - 286
CCCCII. To a coquet Beauty by *Sheffield D. of Buckingham.* - - - - - 287
CCCCIII. A true Maid, by *Prior.* - - 288
CCCCIV. Ode by *Collins,* - - - - 289
CCCCV. On a beautiful Youth, ſtruck blind by ligthening, by *Goldsmith.* - - - 289

CCCCVI. Song by *Thompſon.* - - - 290
CCCCVII. On his Wife's Boſom, by *Doddridge.* 290
CCCCVIII. Dr. Winter's Queſtions to Dr. Cheney, and Dr. Cheney's Anſwer. - - 292
CCCCIX. On Good-Humour, by Lord *Lyttleton.* - - - - - - - 293
CCCCX. The little Girl, a Song. - - 294

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